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ONE SHILLING.

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A SENSATION INSPIRED BY DANTE: "ETERNELLE DOULEUR," BY THE "SHEPHERD BOY" SCULPTOR, PAUL DARDÉ.

A new sculptor of genius has suddenly sprung into fame in Paris—namely, M. Paul Dardé, who this year exhibits for the first time at the Salon. He shows two works, a colossal "Faun," and this wonderful head, entitled "Eternelle Douleur," inspired by a passage from Dante. M. Dardé began life as a shepherd boy in the Cévennes. His artistic efforts, in drawing and sculpture, attracted the notice of a professor, who introduced him to M. Armand Dayot, Editor of "L'Art et Les Artistes." M. Dayot

took him up, and now M. Dardé's work is the talk of Paris. A writer in "L'Illustration" says: "For this former pupil of a simple village school, Dante was, with Shakespeare and the Bible, the great inspirer. . . . The head is that of a woman whose cold, insensible beauty tortured too many hearts; in Hell it is torn from the body and raised from the ground, borne along and gnawed by serpents. The execution is perfect and masterly, and the expression thrilling."

PHOTOGRAPH BY VIZZAVONA.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TRAMPUS, NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, MANUEL, AND TOPICAL.



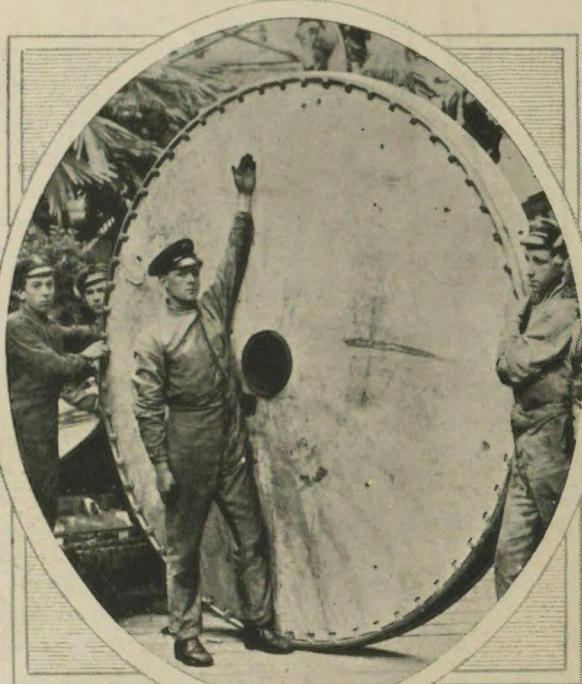
D'ANNUNZIO'S OCCUPATION OF SUSSAK: ONE OF HIS ARDITI ON GUARD ON THE CLIFFS.



WITH A DOLL BESIDE HIM ON THE SOFA: SIGNOR GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO IN HIS OFFICIAL ROOM AT HIS RESIDENCE IN FIUME.



THE POET-DICTATOR OF FIUME: SIGNOR GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AT THE DOOR OF HIS RESIDENCE.



MADE FOR A MACHINE TO DROP LEAFLETS IN THE U.S.A.: A BIG GERMAN AEROPLANE WHEEL.



THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE TREATY WITH HUNGARY IN THE TRIANON AT VERSAILLES: THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR IN PARIS AFFIXING HIS SIGNATURE TO THE DOCUMENT.



THE EMBARKATION OF TROOPS FOR IRELAND AT DEVONPORT: THE TRANSPORT "CZARITZA," IN WHICH THE 1ST BATT DEVONSHIRES SAILED.



ALL-METAL: REMAINS OF A GERMAN AEROPLANE USED FOR "TRENCH-STRAFING," IN THE AIR FORCE SECTION OF THE WAR MUSEUM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet-patriot, still holds Fiume. His latest exploit has been the seizure of the village of Sussak, a Croatian suburb, connected with the town by a bridge, which had been barricaded. D'Annunzio sent a force of his Arditi, who tore up the barricades and brought them back in triumph.—The Royal Air Force Section of the Imperial War Museum at the Crystal Palace, which the King arranged to open on June 9, contains a big aeroplane wheel built by the Germans for a machine, which would have been the largest in the world, intended to fly to America and drop propaganda leaflet over the United States, before that country entered the war. Another

exhibit is a wrecked German aeroplane, all of metal, used for trench-bombing.—The Peace Treaty with Hungary was signed in the Trianon at Versailles on June 4. The Hungarian representatives signed first, and then the Allied Powers in alphabetical order. Lord Derby signed for India as well as Great Britain. Among the spectators was the King of Greece.—The forces in Ireland have been much increased since Mr. Churchill (on April 28) gave the number of combatants as 34,382 (out of a total of 36,847), with 40 Tanks. On June 3 the battle-ships "Valiant" and "Warspite" left Devonport for Queenstown with some 1200 men of the Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry.

Hymen in Downing Street and Whitehall: Air Ministry and Foreign Office Weddings.

THE SPEAKER AT THE WEDDING OF MR. BONAR LAW'S DAUGHTER: THE RT. HON. J. W. LOWTHER AND MRS. LOWTHER.



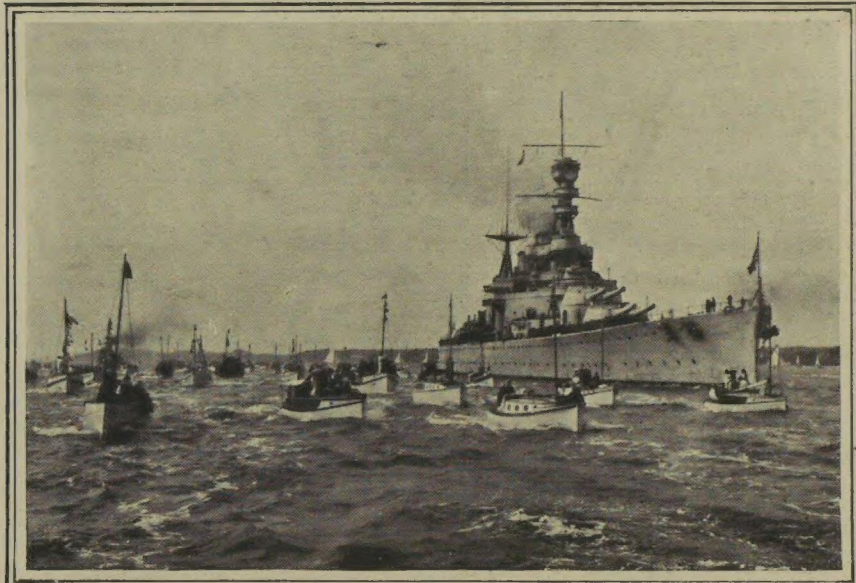
THE LORD PRIVY SEAL AT HIS DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: (L. TO R.) MR. BONAR LAW, LADY SYKES (MISS ISABEL BONAR LAW), AND MAJOR-GENERAL SIR F. H. SYKES.



LEAVING HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET: CAPTAIN JOHN DE VERE LODER, OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, AND HIS BRIDE (MISS MARGARET TENNANT).

Two notable official weddings took place recently on the same day, June 3. At St. Columba's (Church of Scotland), Pont Street, Mr. Bonar Law's daughter, Isabel, was married to Major-General Sir Frederick Hugh Sykes, Controller-General of Aviation. Many members of the Government and other distinguished guests were present, including the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Speaker, and Mr. Balfour. From Mr. Bonar Law's official residence in Downing Street the pair drove to the Croydon

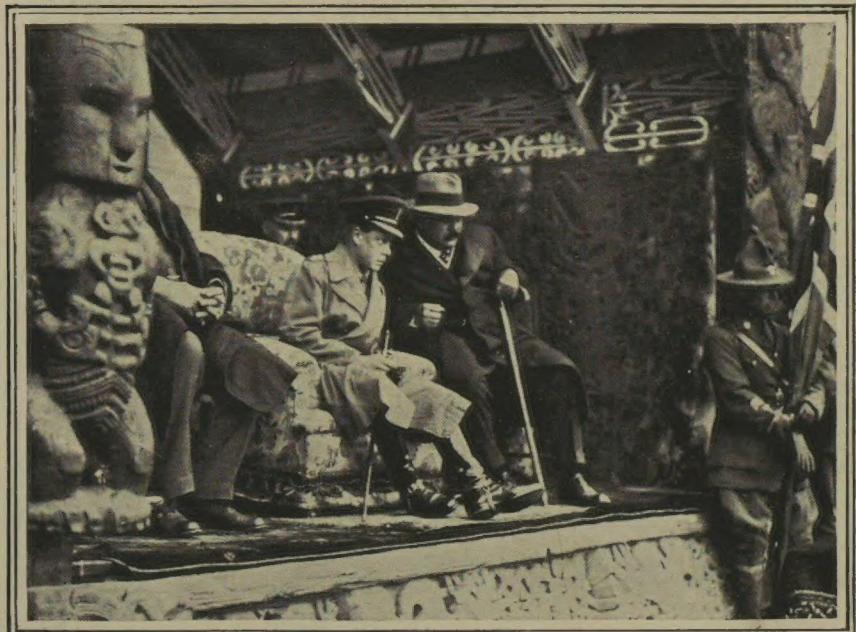
Aerodrome, and thence flew in an aeroplane to Cramlington Aerodrome, near Newcastle, motoring on to Lindisfarne Castle, Holy Island, for their honeymoon.—At Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, Captain John de Vere Loder, of the Foreign Office, son of Mr. Gerald and Lady Louise Loder, married Miss Margaret Tennant, daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bt., and Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock. They afterwards left for a motoring tour in the South of France.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, ARBUTHNOT, AND C.N.]

"The first-born of the line draws near": The Prince of Wales among the Maoris.

"FAR THE LARGEST SHIP THAT HAS YET CROSSED THE LINE": THE "RENOWN," WITH THE PRINCE ON BOARD, STEAMING INTO AUCKLAND HARBOUR.



WEARING A *HUIA* FEATHER AND CARRYING A *TAIAHA* STAFF: THE PRINCE GIVING HIS HAND TO BE KISSED BY MAORI GIRLS AT OHINEMUTU.



LISTENING TO ADDRESSES OF WELCOME AT OHINEMUTU: THE PRINCE, WITH DR. POMARE, MINISTER REPRESENTING THE MAORIS (INTERPRETING).

The Prince of Wales landed in New Zealand, at Auckland, on April 24. The "Renown" was escorted down the Gulf of Hauraki by hundreds of harbour craft, many containing ex-soldiers and their girls. The Prince had an enthusiastic welcome, and Auckland was *en fête* for three days. Thence he went to the "King Country," or Maori reserve, and had a splendid reception at Rotorua (or "Double Lake"). There 5000 Maoris had assembled to greet him with old-time native dances. At Ohinemutu, the township of the Arawa tribe, Maori warriors in native war-paint accepted him as their Chief, and he



IN OLD-TIME WAR-PAINT, GRASS GARMENTS, AND FEATHERS: A MAORI CHIEF WELCOMING THE PRINCE AT OHINEMUTU.

walked along lines of Maori girls who kissed his hand, and in some cases tried to kiss his cheek and rub noses. The Prince had a *Huia* feather in his military cap, carried the *Taiaha* staff, the badge of chieftainship, and wore a Maori cape over his shoulder. While dancing, the Maoris chanted: "It is life; it is death; this is the man, the hairy man, who makes the sun shine." At a later ceremonial, a Maori address began: "Lo! the first-born of the line draws near, the eldest of him whose face ye saw on this twice-honoured ground."—[PHOTOS BY "AUCKLAND WEEKLY NEWS," SUPPLIED BY SPORT AND GENERAL.]

KHAKI OR FULL DRESS FOR THE ARMY? PRE-WAR BRITISH UNIFORMS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



TO BE REVIVED, WITH MODIFICATIONS? FULL-DRESS UNIFORMS OF SOME FAMOUS REGIMENTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY AS WORN BEFORE THE WAR.

The full-dress pre-war uniforms shown on the left-hand page are, from left to right: (Front Row) Infantry of the Line, the Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment), and Infantry of the Line; (Second Row, standing) 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), 21st (Empress of India's) Lancers, and Royal Fusiliers; (Third Row, mounted) 16th (Queen's) Lancers, 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars, and 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards; (Back Row) 3rd (King's Own) Hussars,

9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, 1st (Royal) Dragoons, and 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers (extreme right). The right-hand page shows a Corporal of the Life Guards. The question whether the Army should revert to its pre-war magnificence, or retain khaki for ceremonial occasions as well as for field service and everyday routine, for which it will still be used, has been much discussed. Mr. Churchill recently stated in the House that the Army Council had decided, on the recommendations of Sir Archibald Murray's Committee, that full-dress uniform

(Continued opposite.)

A STIMULUS TO RECRUITING? THE BRITISH ARMY'S PRE-WAR SPLENDOUR.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



ONE OF THE REGIMENTS WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO RE-CLOTHE THIS YEAR IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM:
A CORPORAL OF THE 1ST LIFE GUARDS IN PRE-WAR PANOPLY.

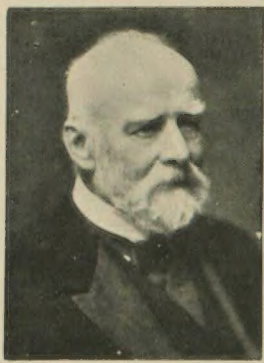
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(for ceremonies) was essential, though simplified and pruned of gold lace. There were arguments on both sides. It was held that in any case the Army required a second uniform, that even if it were of khaki, it would cost money, and that the extra expense of full dress was outweighed by its value as an aid to recruiting and a means of preserving sentiment, of great importance so long as voluntary enlistment prevails. On the other hand, khaki has been consecrated by the war, and makes thus its own appeal to sentiment, while it

is, of course, cheaper. It was roughly estimated that the cost of re-clothing the Army in full-dress uniform would be about £3,000,000, spread over five years. About one-fifth would be spent this year on the Guards and Household Cavalry. Next the home regiments would be re-clothed, and, finally, those on foreign service. The Cabinet accepted in principle the proposals, to which the Army Council still adhere, after reconsideration in view of the strong criticisms expressed.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BIRTHDAY HONOURS: AND OTHER PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BASSANO, RUSSELL, HUGH CECIL, LAFAYETTE (DUBLIN), VANDYK, AND C.N.



A NEW BARONET: THE RT. HON. SIR THOMAS FREDERICK HALSEY, P.C., M.P. FOR HERTFORDSHIRE 1874 TO 1906.



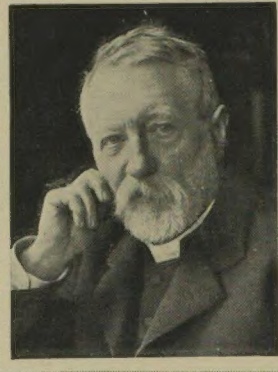
A NEW K.B.E.: LT.-COL. SIR HENRY M. GRAYSON, M.P., R.M., DIRECTOR OF SHIP REPAIRS IN THE MINISTRY OF SHIPPING.



RECENTLY APPOINTED COMMANDANT OF THE WOMEN POLICE, IN SUCCESSION TO THE LATE MISS DAMER DAWSON: MISS M. S. ALLEN.



MADE A K.C.B. AMONG THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: LT.-GEN. SIR TRAVERS EDWARDS CLARKE, Q.M.G. TO THE FORCES.



PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S: THE LATE REV. THE HON. JOHN STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, SON OF THE FIRST EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.



DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS SINCE 1908: THE LATE SIR CHARLES MATHEWS, AN EMINENT COUNSEL OF THE CRIMINAL COURT.



MADE A DAME OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, FOR SERVICES IN CONNECTION WITH HER HOSPITAL AT MELCHET: LADY MOND.



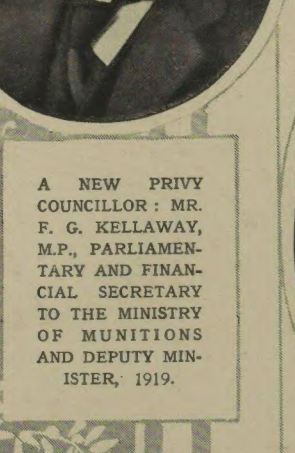
A NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR: MR. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., WHO HAS BEEN FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY SINCE 1917.



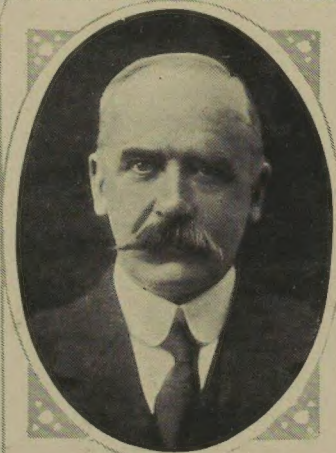
A NEW IRISH PRIVY COUNCILLOR: THE HON. MR. JUSTICE J. B. POWELL, K.C., JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT IN IRELAND, EX-SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR IRELAND.



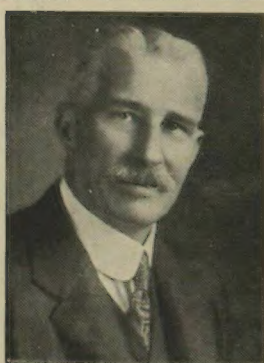
MADE A DAME OF THE ORDER OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, FOR SERVICES IN CONNECTION WITH ST. DUNSTON'S: LADY PEARSON, WIFE OF SIR ARTHUR PEARSON.



A NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR: MR. F. G. KELLAWAY, M.P., PARLIAMENTARY AND FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE MINISTRY OF MUNITIONS AND DEPUTY MINISTER, 1919.



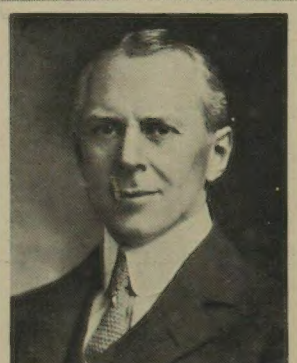
A NEW IRISH PRIVY COUNCILLOR: MR. HUGH T. BARRIE, M.P., VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.



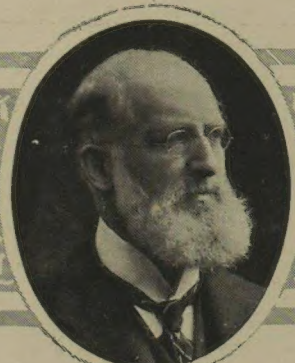
A NEW BARONET: SIR ERNEST WILLIAM GLOVER, DIRECTOR OF THE SHIP MANAGEMENT BRANCH OF THE MINISTRY OF SHIPPING.



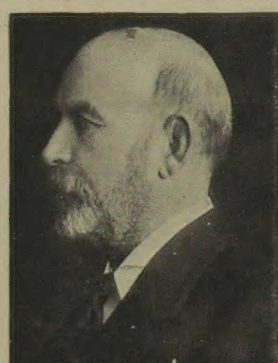
A NEW BARONET IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST: SIR ARTHUR FRANCIS PEASE, LATE SECOND CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.



A NEW BARONET: CAPT SIR ION HAMILTON BENN, C.B., D.S.O., M.P. FOR GREENWICH SINCE 1910, A MEMBER OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY.



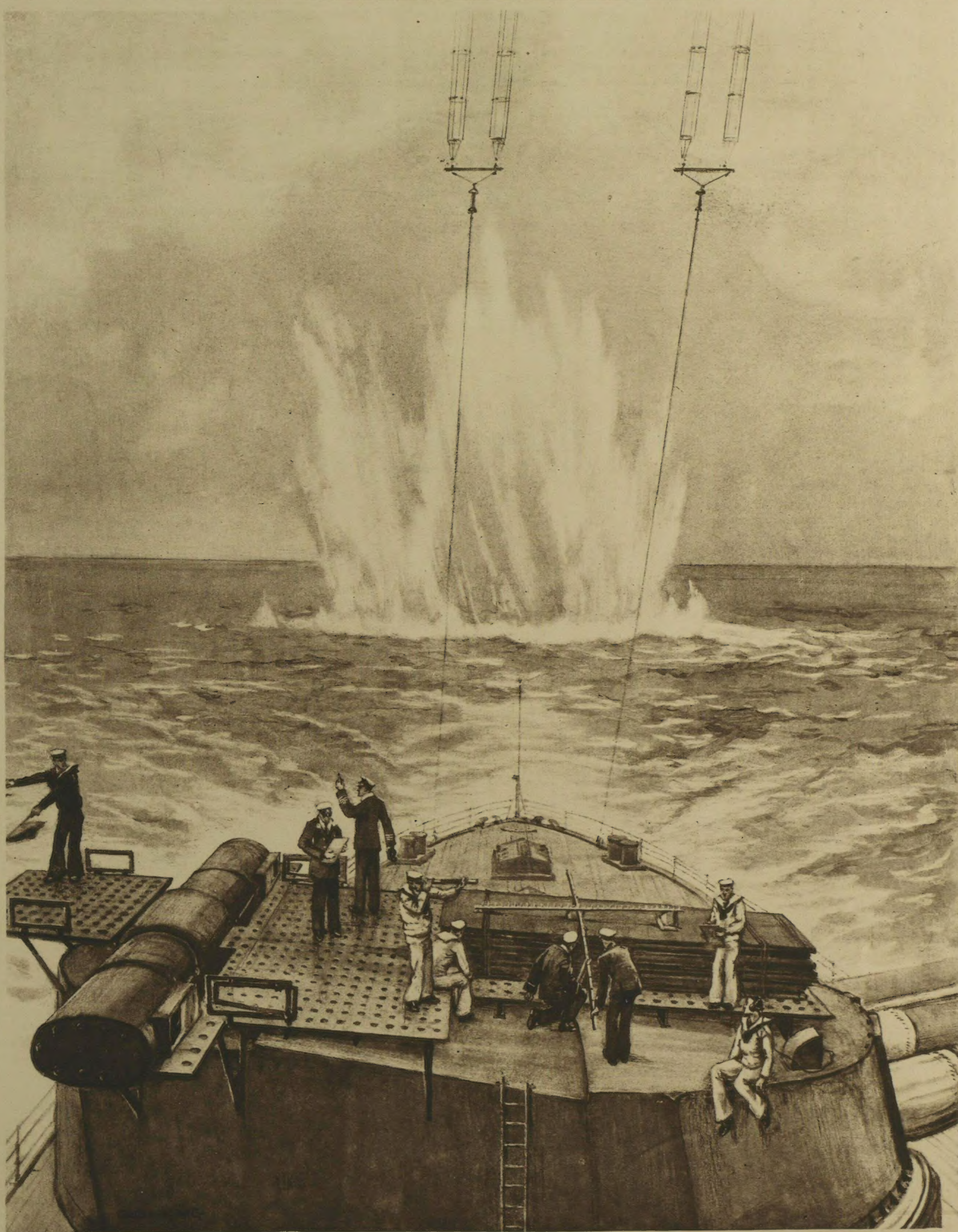
A NEW BARONET IN THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS LIST: SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER TOUCHE, M.P. FOR NORTH ISLINGTON FROM 1910 TO 1918.



A NEW KNIGHT, OF THE O.B.E.: SIR ARTHUR RITSON, ADVISER ON SHIPPING MATTERS TO THE NAVAL STAFF, 1917-1919.

A REAL WAR-SHIP AS "TARGET": "WILLIAM TELL" GUNNERY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CECIL KING.



THE NAVY'S NEW "THROW-OFF" METHOD OF GUNNERY PRACTICE, WITH AN ACTUAL SHIP AS TARGET INSTEAD OF A DUMMY:
A TARGET SHIP SPOTTING THE RANGE OF SHELLS DROPPING JUST ASTERN OF HER, BY "TOW-BAR" AND "RAKE."

"A method of firing which has been introduced into the Royal Navy in recent times," writes our artist, "is that known as the 'throw-off' method—where a real ship takes the place of a target. The firing ship steams on a more or less parallel course to that of the target ship, but, owing to a special lateral deflection of her guns, the projectiles fall well astern of the target. The target-ship does the spotting, results being signalled by wireless to the firing ship after each round. In the drawing we are looking aft, and the firing ship is perhaps seven or eight miles away to port. One of the after

turrets is kept trained on her, and on the aeroplane platform on top of the turret a lath (with divisions marked on it) is fixed at right-angles to the guns; this is called the 'tow-bar.' Another lath with vertical nails or pegs at regular intervals crosses this within six degrees of right-angles, and is called the 'rake.' The six degrees represents the error of the 'enemy's' guns, so that the rake is actually parallel to the course of the projectiles. A gunner warrant-officer notes how far the shot has fallen to right or left, as the case may be."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

DIVERS tastes govern the purchase of works of art. Fashion dominates prices, although, apparently capricious as is this goddess and the goddess of Chance,

there are statistics which strike a golden mean. The biographical side of portraiture appeals to the National Portrait Gallery, and the technique of the painter to the National Gallery. The query might be extended further as to why portraits of lesser quality command great prices. Is it that the profiteer is out in search of ancestors?

There are many fine events to chronicle. Mr. Asher Wertheimer's residue comes up at Christie's. By his acumen he guided many great amateurs to form celebrated collections. His own sale puts a period to his triumphs in the auction-room. Sèvres porcelain and French furniture of the Louis XVI. period come under review. One example of silver stands out, a George II. oval wine cistern, 1755, the makers P. Archambo and P. Meure, which weighs no less than 1403 ounces.

Farther afield, collectors journeyed to Ravensworth Castle in Durham, where Messrs. Anderson and Garland sold the contents, including some fine Flemish tapestry, although doors had been cut through some of the examples by vandal hands. Some Boulle cabinets exhibited similar signs of bad usage. Some Chippendale chairs and mirrors were outstanding items.

A further portion of the celebrated Britwell Court library is devoted to early English tales, novels, and romances, to be sold by Messrs. Sotheby. These sixteenth and seventeenth century romances savour of the school of chivalry as satirised in the "History of the Valorous and witty Knight Errant Don Quixote of the Mancha, translated into English," here offered in the 1620 edition; and we have "The Historie of Titana, and Theseus. Verie pleasant for Age to avoyd drowsie thoughts: profitable for youth to eschew wanton pastimes: so that to both, it brings the mindes content," written by W. B., 1608. The "Life and Actions" of wandering knights, of fair ladies, and "Admirable Histories" and "Particular Accounts" of many heroes of poesie are set forth in these romances and records of chivalrous pageantry, which are like woven tapestry, faded and moth-eaten remnants of a dead world of Courts of Love. Among other rarities there is one small quarto volume, the only copy known, entitled "Mary of Nemmegen. Here begynneth a lyttell story, that was of treuthe done in the land of Gelders, of a Maid that was named Mary of Nemmegen," with wood-cut title-page and wood-cuts in the text and in black letter. "Imprynted at Antwarpe by me John Duisbrowghe dwellynge beside the camerporte."

The collection of the late Mr. George Harland-Peck is to be sold by Messrs. Christie, beginning on June 21. The fine colour prints and original etchings will occupy two days; French furniture, porcelain, and objects of art take the third and fourth days; and the pictures and drawings come up for sale on the fifth day. The late owner had a discriminating taste, and in consequence the sale promises to be one of the events of the season.

The colour prints cover the gamut of the masters in this pictorial phase of stipple engraving and printing. J. R. Smith is represented by "Mrs. Mills," "Flirtilla," "Almeria," and "Sophia Western." Of prints in colour after Morland there is a galaxy of sparkling examples engraved in stipple by W. Ward, D. Orme,

T. Gauguin, W. Hilton, and S. W. Reynolds; and there are two sets of Wheatley's "Cries of London." The etchings embrace Meryon's "La Morgue," and Whistler's sixteen scenes on the Thames, and his "Battersea Bridge" and "Putney Bridge."

The porcelain covers equally desirable paths of connoisseurship. There are some fine Kang-He famille-verte and powdered blue vases and a famille-rose cistern. The English porcelain includes a Chelsea figure of Britannia, a pair of Chelsea figures of a girl playing a mandoline with swan beside her, and a youth seated

flowers on tulip-wood and king-wood ground; the third is lacquered with Chinese landscapes, pagodas, and figures in black and gold. This is stamped "P. A. Foullet ME," and one of the others is stamped "R. Tuartell ME."

But the Harland-Peck pictures will command the respect of all connoisseurs. They include some notable treasures of great eighteenth-century English masters, hall-marked as to their history prior to their inclusion in the present collection. There are a number of Gainsborough portraits, some of great importance and rare quality. In the portrait of Richard Paul Jodrell, classical scholar and dramatist, we have a record-breaker which brought 6700 guineas at the Rushton sale in 1913, the highest price paid for a Gainsborough portrait of a man. The previous record was held by the portrait of Signor Raphael Franco, in a yellow dress, seated at a table, which brought 6200 guineas in 1910. This portrait is now up again in competition with the Jodrell in the Harland-Peck sale. Modern prices would have astounded Horace Walpole, who writes to Sir Horace Mann in February 1758 complaining that "the rage of expense in pleasures" had grown enormously, and he goes on to say, "One glaring extravagance is the constant high price given for pictures. . . . There is a pewterer one Cleeve who some time ago gave £1000 for four very small Dutch pictures."

Besides Gainsborough's portraits there are "A Market Cart" and "A Forest Stream," which can be compared with Richard Wilson's "A View of Tivoli" and "A River Scene."

Gainsborough's own opinion of his portraits when he left landscape and his beloved woods and streams and wagoners and hay-wains is chronicled in his outburst to David Garrick: "Ah, Davy! I am even the natural fool of fortune, as thy Master Shakespeare says, for I have quitted my darling profession, left the woods and groves, to stew myself in an elegant carpeted damned dungeon, with two windows shut and one half-open, to paint fools' heads."

Hogarth is represented by three portraits. His "Two Gentlemen Taking Wine" are portraits of Dudley Woodbridge and Captain Holland seated in a library at a table. Hoppner's "Richard Brinsley Sheridan" shows that orator and dramatist in the heyday of his life, before duns had thrown a shadow on him and dissipation had lined his face. There are no fewer than sixteen Morlands; Raeburn is represented by his portrait of Miss Elizabeth Dalrymple; and Sir Joshua has seven canvases, including "Lady Seaforth and Child," which has been engraved by S. W. Reynolds. Romney has three portraits, including "Sir William Hamilton," "Lady Hamilton," and "Anne, wife of E. A. Brown, Esq.," which latter was exhibited at the Grafton Gallery in 1900.

There are four fine Watteaus, one especially noticeable—"La Danse," a lady and gentleman dancing with other figures in a woody glade. This and "L'Amour Paisible," a group of ladies and gentlemen in a hilly landscape, were exhibited at the Guildhall in 1902.

At such an omnium gatherum of carefully chosen and representative examples of eighteenth-century portraiture and landscape, prices will undoubtedly establish new records.



BOUGHT FOR 6700 GUINEAS IN 1913, AND AGAIN FOR SALE: GAINSBOROUGH'S PORTRAIT OF RICHARD PAUL JODRELL.

This picture, which in 1913 fetched the highest sum paid for a Gainsborough portrait of a man, is included in the Harland-Peck collection, to be sold at Christie's on June 25.

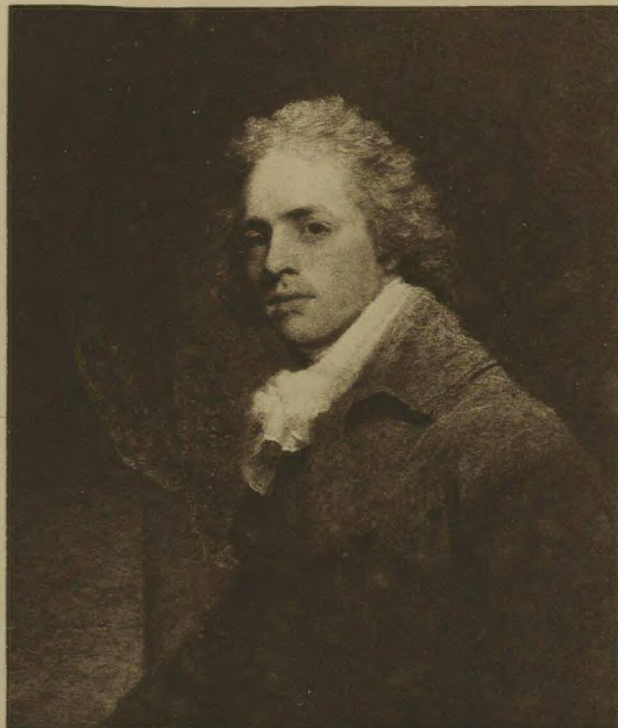
By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



ONE OF THREE ROMNEY PORTRAITS IN THE HARLAND-PECK SALE ON JUNE 25: ANNE, WIFE OF E. A. BROWN, ESQ.

The other two Romneys included in the Harland-Peck collection, to be sold at Christie's on June 25, are portraits of Sir William Hamilton and Lady Hamilton.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



"BEFORE DISSIPATION HAD LINED HIS FACE": SHERIDAN—A PORTRAIT BY HOPPNER.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in 1751 and died in 1816. This portrait by Hoppner is in the Harland-Peck collection, which is to be sold at Christie's on June 25.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

on a tree-stump with an eagle. Three other Chelsea figures of Erato, Calliope, and Thalia are marked with an impressed R, denoting that the famous Roubilliac was the modeller, the compatriot of Nicholas Sprimont, who brought the Chelsea factory into prominence with his Continental motifs. The French furniture includes a suite covered with Aubusson tapestry consisting of a settee and six fauteuils in Louis XV. style and a pair of Gobelins tapestry fauteuils in Louis XVI. taste. Of three fine Louis XV. commodes two are inlaid with

KHAKI FOR THE LAST TIME? THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS AND TOPICAL.



THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR IN HONOUR OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY: THE MARCH-PAST BEFORE HIS MAJESTY; ON THE RIGHT—THE QUEEN IN THE ROYAL PAVILION, AND (IN THE FOREGROUND) MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.



ROYAL SPECTATORS AT THE CEREMONY: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY IN HYDE PARK.



ON THE DAY HE WAS MADE DUKE OF YORK: PRINCE ALBERT, WITH PRINCE HENRY AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE.

The Regiments of the Brigade of Guards and Household Cavalry, with their massed bands, celebrated the King's Birthday on Saturday, June 5, by the picturesque military ceremony of Trooping the Colour. It was again a khaki parade, and there was much discussion as to whether this was for the last time, in view of the proposed revival of full-dress uniforms. About 1770 troops were on parade in Hyde Park, and the proceedings attracted an unusually large number of spectators. The Queen and Princess Mary drove in an open carriage from Buckingham Palace to the Royal Pavilion. The King, as Colonel-in-

Chief of the Brigade, rode in procession to the scene of the ceremony, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught (seen next to him in the upper photograph), Prince Albert (in his new dignity as Duke of York), Prince Henry, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the Earl of Athlone. After the inspection the King took up his position in front of the Royal Pavilion. The Trooping of the Colour then took place, and after that the march-past. In the right foreground of the upper photograph, Mr. Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War, is seen with his little girl, standing near the Royal Pavilion.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

EDUCATION seems to be getting into a tangle; which is largely a tangle of red tape. It is a confusion between the attempt to keep the strings of it very tight and to throw the threads of it very far. Education is treated as a settlement; and yet, at the same time, education is treated as an experiment. It is imposed on everybody as a platitude; and yet it is free to take the most fantastic forms of paradox. First a politician tells us that all children must go to school; and then a professor tells us that all schools must be conducted in the tops of trees. At least, that is the sort of thing the professor tells us. And the situation becomes alarming when the professor is supported by the politician and even by the policeman. Of course, there is no objection to the professor teaching his own family at the top of a tree; or even to his hopping back to them with a worm in his mouth. But when this is connected up with a compulsory system for the whole State it is very different. It is very different if they put a professor to twitter in every tree, or a worm to wriggle in every child. It is then more than an experiment; it may be called an experience. It seems likely that even if the worm does not turn, the child will. A thing will be imposed on everybody before it has been explained to anybody. The professor will be altogether too early a bird, and will catch the worm and give it to us before we are half-awake.

But there is another way in which the same inconsistent thing works, or rather stops working. It concerns the question of controversial and non-controversial things. We say instruction must be extended to all citizens; but we also say it must be extended to all subjects. Not only must everybody be taught, but everybody must be taught everything. I have no objection to every citizen learning every subject; but obviously he ought to learn every side of every subject. And there are some problems I should not like to have the responsibility of forcibly solving for every citizen; and one of them is citizenship. Yet our educationists are emphatically asserting that every child in a compulsory school must be taught citizenship. In other words, every child must learn in a compulsory school the most controversial of all subjects. I am quite sure that my own conception of citizenship differs as violently from that of Mr. Herbert Samuel, or Mr. Sidney Webb, or Lord Birkenhead, or Mrs. Besant as one conviction could differ from another in the most furious faction fight in the world. If we are to teach children politics, there arises a very reasonable question about what politics we shall teach. Above all, if we are going to enforce the teaching of politics, people will naturally want to know what politics we are to enforce.

In the squabbles about the schools that filled the politics of my youth, there was one plain, and even innocent, assumption that simplified everything. It was assumed that people only differ about religion; or, as it was generally called, "dogma." It never seemed to occur to people that religious teaching must be dogmatic, simply because all teaching must be dogmatic. The teacher is allowed to say that twice two is four, not because it is less dogmatic, but because it is less disputed. In other words, education is easy when dogma is universal. It only becomes difficult

when men are divided about dogmas. But men are divided very much indeed about these new dogmas; possibly more than they ever were about the old dogmas. There are quite as many different versions of citizenship as there ever were different versions of orthodoxy. Men hate each other, and even kill each other, for differences about citizenship quite as much as for differences about orthodoxy. There is at least as much fanaticism in Bolshevik Russia as there ever was in Holy Russia. In short (I may repeat), it is really unfair to use force to teach everybody everything, unless you can teach everybody every aspect of everything. One schoolmaster can teach

particular Colonial policy. I am not now attacking these views, or pausing to disagree with them. On the contrary, I am defending them, in so far as hardly anybody did disagree with them. That being the national belief, it was quite right that it should be the national education. So long as men were sure that the Dark Ages were only dark, or that the Reformation did nothing but reform, or that the same kind of Constitutional condemnation applied to King James and to King John, they naturally said so. It was the more tolerable because, like most English things, it had bursts of illogical generosity: we were allowed to admire some of the national enemies, but not others.

We could praise Wallace and Washington, but not Napoleon or Patrick Sarsfield; why, I never could understand. It is all a little like the "Journalist's History of England" described in one of Mr. Belloc's satires: in which historical characters to be praised and blamed were clearly printed in two colours. But it was very defensible so long as most Englishmen honestly assumed that these were their true colours. But to-day that historical unanimity is more and more broken up by widespread historical doubts. In the great crisis that threatens our industrial civilisation we are not only insecure about the future—we are also insecure about the past. It has done what the heathen said even the gods could not do. It has altered yesterday as well as to-morrow.

Thus the Middle Ages are no longer praised romantically, as the period when princesses were serenaded; they are praised realistically, as the period when profiteers were hanged. The great growth of interest in Guilds has pointed to it as the period of guildsmen rather than the period of knights. Personally, I cannot see how anyone with a historic sense can fail to see that the sixteenth century, the beginning of the modern world, not only first destroyed the good things, such as the Guilds, but started the subsequent success of all the bad things, especially the profiteers. But with this I do not ask anyone to agree; I only ask everyone to agree that we disagree. I want everyone to face the fact that we are very far from being any longer of one mind about our own past, even about the main features of that past. Too many things have happened that cut across our old continuous policy. When all agreed that the Germans were our enemies, it was impossible that some should not regret that they had ever been our allies. When many wish

to restore the Guilds in the twentieth century, it is impossible that some should not regret that they were destroyed in the sixteenth century. Since most Englishmen have shown that they can be military, some will no longer be content merely to be commercial. Where many see Jewish communism as a problem in Russia, some will see Jewish capitalism as a problem in England. Thus there will be considerable and growing groups of opinion resisting almost any rigid and universal theory of history. But in fact our educational authorities have already made sure that the system is rigid without making sure that it is right. They have already achieved universality but not unity. They have arranged to teach history without considering what history teaches; they have obtained powers of compulsion for teaching the truth to everybody; and then, looking into their own minds, have found that the truth is not in them.



THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF WALES: THE NEW PRIMATE. DR. EDWARDS, LEAVING ST. ASAPH CATHEDRAL AFTER THE CEREMONY.

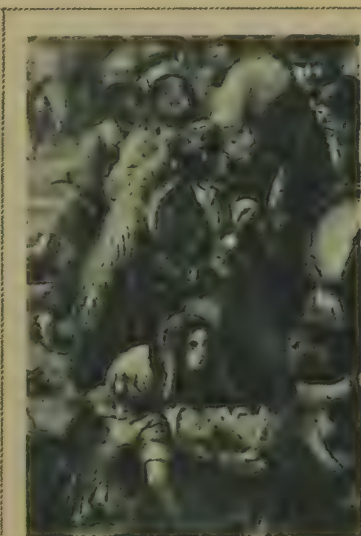
Dr. A. G. Edwards, Bishop of St. Asaph, was enthroned as the first Archbishop of Wales, in the Cathedral there, on June 1. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, and there were also present the Archbishops of York and Dublin, Prince Arthur of Connaught, representing the King, and Mr. Lloyd George. After the enthronement the new Primate was presented to the people, in the grounds of the Archbishop's palace, as was the first Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle by Edward I.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

twenty boys the alphabet; but it would require twenty schoolmasters to teach one boy the arguments of the twenty schools of thought on any disputed subject.

Then there is not only the new subject of citizenship, there is the old subject of history. Certainly history is every bit as controversial as theology. And just as there is peace so long as all men have one theology, so there is peace so long as all men have one theory of history. Now, up to a short time ago, in England, there was something very like an agreement about history; almost as simple and solid as the agreement about reading, writing, and arithmetic. It was agreed that the Renaissance and the Reformation were an improvement on the Middle Ages; that we were right to expel the Stuarts; that we were right to make war on Napoleon; that we are to be congratulated on our purely commercial triumph, or our

"DERBY DAY" REPEATS ITSELF: FRITH'S FAMOUS SCENE RE-ENACTED.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FRITH'S "DERBY DAY" SUPPLIED BY RISCHGITZ; THE OTHERS BY L.N.A., I.B., AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



1. A VICTORIAN COUNTERPART TO THE SCENE AT EPSOM ON JUNE 2, 1920: FRITH'S "DERBY DAY," PAINTED IN 1858.

2. AS IN 1858, SO IN 1920: A BABY ON THE COURSE.

3. "THE SAME, YET NOT THE SAME" AS IN 1858: THE COURSE ON DERBY DAY, 1920.

A Derby crowd, like history, repeats itself, and it is interesting to compare here the photographs taken at Epsom on June 2, 1920, with W. P. Frith's famous picture, "Derby Day." Allowing for certain differences in manners, costume, and modes of travelling, the two scenes are essentially the same, even to the presence of the inevitable baby.

4. AS IN 1920: THE BABY ON THE COURSE—A SECTION OF FRITH'S "DERBY DAY."

5. *MUTATIS MUTANDIS*: LUNCH ON THE COURSE, AND AN ITINERANT JESTER, IN 1920.

6. FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH: LUNCH ON THE COURSE — A SECTION OF FRITH'S PICTURE.

Frith's picture was first exhibited in 1858, but it does not follow that he depicted the Derby of that particular year. His pictures of contemporary life in the mass are faithful records of Victorian times. Others are "Ramsgate Sands," "The Railway Station," and "The Road to Ruin."

THE FASTEST DERBY ON RECORD—AND A SURPRISE:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.B., C.N., TOPICAL.

SPION KOP'S VICTORY BEFORE THE KING AND QUEEN.

AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



DECIDED BY THE STEWARDS TO HAVE BEEN DUE TO THE SWERVING OF SARCHEDON: THE FALL OF ABBOT'S TRACE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR MAJESTIES AT EPSOM: THE ROYAL CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY.



HOW THE KING AND QUEEN SAW THE DERBY: THEIR MAJESTIES AND PRINCESS MARY IN THE ROYAL BOX AT EPSOM ON DERBY DAY.



LEADING IN THE WINNER, SPION KOP: MAJOR GILES LODER (OWNER) SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS JOCKEY, O'NEILL.



TAKING THE NEW CURVE AT TATTENHAM CORNER: "AS THEY BOWLED ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER ABBOT'S TRACE STILL LED FROM THE FAVOURITE (TETRATEMA), WITH SPION KOP DRAWING 11P."



THE UNEXPECTED FINISH OF THE DERBY: SPION KOP (THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT THREE) FIRST, ARCHAIC (ON THE LEFT) SECOND, AND ORPHEUS (ON THE RIGHT) THIRD.

This year's Derby, run at Epsom on June 2, in the presence of the King and Queen and Princess Mary, was memorable in many ways. The winner, Major Giles Loder's Spion Kop (O'Neill up), whose victory was unexpected, covered the course in the record time of 2 minutes 34.5 seconds. The favourite, Major D. McCalmont's Tetratema, was not even placed. Lord Derby's Archaic (Bellhouse up) was second, two lengths behind the winner; and there was a length and a half between second and third—Sir H. Canlife-Owen's Orpheus (P. Litch up). Sir J. Buchanan's Sarchedon (A. Smith up) was fourth. Within a furlong from the winning post Lord Dewar's Abbot's Trace (S. Donegall up), which had led up to the last quarter of a

mile, when Spion Kop went ahead, fell headlong, his rider fortunately rolling clear and escaping injury. The Stewards afterwards held an inquiry and issued a statement saying that "they were satisfied that the action was due to the swerving of Sarchedon. They recognised that the horse (Sarchedon) was a notoriously difficult one to ride, and accepted Smith's statement that he kept his whip in his left hand and tried to ride his horse straight." Derby Day was also noteworthy for the immense crowd, surpassing anything previously known at Epsom. No doubt the glorious June weather was largely responsible.

LADIES' DAY AT EPSOM: AN EXCITING FINISH TO THE OAKS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.R. C.N., AND SPORT AND GENERAL



WITH ONE HORSE FACING THE WRONG WAY AND TWO OTHERS IN TROUBLE: THE START OF THE OAKS.



THE FAVOURITE BEATEN: MR. A. P. CUNLIFFE'S CHARLEBELLE WINNING FROM SIR ROBERT JARDINE'S CINNA—A CLOSE FINISH.



SECOND ONLY TO THE DERBY IN INTEREST: THE OAKS, THE CLASSIC EVENT FOR FILLIES—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RACE IN PROGRESS ON JUNE 4, AND THE SPECTATORS.



LEADING IN THE WINNER: MR. A. P. CUNLIFFE'S CHARLEBELLE (A. WHALLEY UP) AFTER HER VICTORY IN THE OAKS.



SINCE MADE DUKE OF YORK: PRINCE ALBERT (LEFT) WITH PRINCESS MARY AND PRINCE HENRY AT EPSOM FOR THE OAKS.

The Oaks, like the Derby, resulted in the defeat of the favourite—in this case, Sir Robert Jardine's Cinna, who, however, unlike Tetratema, was only beaten by a neck after a most exciting race. The winner was Mr. A. P. Cunliffe's Charlebelle, the second favourite, ridden by A. Whalley, whose fine jockeyship was largely responsible for the success. Cinna, too, was admirably handled by her jockey, W. Griggs, and, as our photograph of the finish shows, was only beaten by a neck. Among the Stewards in the background

behind the winning post will be recognised Lord Lonsdale (wearing a buttonhole), second from left on the balcony. Third place was taken by Sir E. Hulton's Roselet (V. Smyth up), and Lady Torrington's Shy Princess (S. Donoghue up) was fourth. Donoghue, it will be remembered, fell with Abbot's Trace in the Derby, but was luckily uninjured. At the start of the Oaks several horses were restive, and Major M'Calmont's False Piety, Mr. Walter Raphael's Lomelie, and Mr. A. Bendon's Most Beautiful, were badly left.

"THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED."

A Play in Three Acts. By H. M. Harwood.

ACT II.

[All rights reserved.]

Act I. appeared in our Issue of June 5; the conclusion of the play (Act III.) will be given in our next Number (June 19).

SCENE I.

WESTON'S election office. Door to stairs [left]. Two doors at back, one marked "Private." Window [right centre]. Walls covered with election literature and posters. CORNTHWAITE, a small man, with eager, ferret face and scanty grey hair, wearing baggy trousers and a long square "bob" coat, is busy pulling up a poster between the doors. It is a poster representing a model dwelling—very pink bricks and very green grass—very rectangular and irreproachable. Scattered about the small garden are various domestic animals and several children; also, in the foreground, a pig. A woman is descending the steps to welcome a man in cloth cap and workman's dress, to whom two of the children are clinging. The whole thing might be entitled, "The Reformer's Dream of Home." Above and below are the words, in large letters, "Vote for Weston and Cosier Cottages." CORNTHWAITE surveys it with satisfaction. The door opens to admit RIVERS and MORRIS, followed by TUCK, carrying parcels. MORRIS is sallow, black-haired, and obviously Jewish, with sharp-looking eyes, and thin-lipped, determined mouth.

RIVERS. [To TUCK, indicating inner room.] In there, Tuck.

[TUCK goes to inner room, and presently comes through again to go to the street. RIVERS looks at poster.]

RIVERS. Ah! That the latest, Mr. Cornthwaite?

CORNTHWAITE. All right, eh?

RIVERS. Splendid—splendid!

CORN. Plenty of colour, plenty of space;—good, bold lettering. I've always stuck to that. Doesn't matter so much what you say, as how you say it.

RIVERS. Like speaking.

CORN. Well; there's something in that, too. I'm not much of a judge of speaking. After all, it's what you put on the walls as does the trick. People want something that they can see quick; something bright and snappy; something with an idea.

RIVERS. [Grimly.] Something to appeal to their intelligence?

CORN. That's it; that's right. Talking's all very well; but it's not in it with word-painting. I've done it here for five elections, now.

RIVERS. Always on the same side?

CORN. Oh; you will have your joke, Mr. Rivers. Why, I couldn't put up a blue poster; that's a fact. Even in ordinary work, I don't use the colour unless I can help it. I've a prejudice against it. [Sighs.] Nowadays, of course, we've got to work with the other side. I suppose it's all for the best; but it's not like the old days. If anyone had told me a few years back that I'd be working for the same candidate as Jacob Townley, I don't know what I'd have said. I'm none of your political weather-cocks, Mr. Rivers. The party always know where to find me. I'm always in the same place.

RIVERS. And are they always in the same place?

CORN. Wherever they are, I'm there. I've no use for men who don't stick to their party. [Turning to MORRIS, who has been opening letters at desk.] Well, Mr. Morris, what do you think?

MORRIS. [Shortly.] All right; very good. The question is: do we want it?

CORN. Do we want it?

MORRIS. Well; we'll see about that later. We'll have it up at to-morrow's Committee. Have you got out the draft posters of the meeting of the 27th?

CORN. Not yet. You didn't say whether it was the Central Hall, or the Victoria.

MORRIS. Central, 7.30; Thursday, 27th. Lord Henry Markham principal speaker.

CORN. I'll rough it out now. [Goes into one of the inner rooms.]

MORRIS. [Irritably.] We're running this land business to death.

RIVERS. Well; we're fighting on it.

MORRIS. I know, I know; but he dots his "i's" too much. Some of our friends over the way are getting restive. They don't like it at headquarters, either. He's got a bee in his bonnet about it.

RIVERS. Well, you'd better let it buzz. You may have experience of elections, Morris. But I've experience of Mr. Weston. You'd better let him fight it his own way. I've never known him fail when he felt about anything as he does about this. When I first sat down with him, I used to be nervous, as you are.

He would put all his eggs in one basket. He was the same with money. He can't see more than one thing at a time, but he sees darned straight. When he sees a thing, it's an inspiration, or nothing. No work's too much—no risk too great. Once he begins to doubt, to question himself, he's done.

MORRIS. That's all very well for patent foods. You've got to stick it out in the advertising line.

RIVERS. Patent Food or Politics—it's all the same. It's a question of faith. Look at me! I'm a cleverer man than Weston. At Oxford I gathered all the dried fruits of intellectual conquest—

MORRIS. I've always said you've twice his brains.

RIVERS. And twice his knowledge, and better manners, and more social influence; and I'm his secretary at £500 a year—more than I'm worth—and he's, what he is—why?

MORRIS. Well, why?

RIVERS. Because I haven't got the power of believing in myself. I've started half-a-dozen things. I always gave them up before I got under way. I always saw all the disadvantages first. I haven't any finishing power. That's what Weston's got.

MORRIS. You admire him?

RIVERS. He has the whole philosophy of success.

CORN. Who's telling lies?

TUCK. That pig is.

CORN. No; a bit exaggerated, maybe; but the principle's true. All may not want pigs, but for them as does—there's to be the opportunity.

TUCK. You believe that, eh?

CORN. Well; haven't you heard Mr. Weston?

TUCK. 'Eard 'im? You can't 'ear nothing else in this town. Driving him as I do, I 'ear everything 'e says out of doors.

CORN. Well, then, you know what he promises.

TUCK. Promises! Lord, yes. But can 'e do it? And if 'e does—wot of it? Where do I come in?

CORN. Same as everyone else.

TUCK. What—with a pig and four kids!

CORN. And a wife! You'd like to see your wife in a nice little house like that, wouldn't you?

TUCK. Would I hell! Would you like to know where I'd like to see my wife?

CORN. [Nervously.] Not if you'd prefer—not—Mr. Tuck—

TUCK. Cheese it! My wife skiddooed while I was in Messopot. "Imshied" with a bloke that sold matches. That's the sort of Judy she was.

CORN. You mean a man who sold matches in the streets?

TUCK. In the streets! Wake up, Rip Van Winkle. Did anyone sell matches in the streets while we was away—did they now? From all I've heard they'd have been bloody well mobbed if they had.

CORN. You've been unfortunate, Mr. Tuck.

TUCK. I dunno; about average, I daresay. My complaint about all these fellows is that they don't understand. They don't know what we want. Why do they think we're such dead nuts on this sort of thing [indicating poster]? They don't seem to think it any too good themselves. Mr. Weston talks pretty big about "bringing up a family in decent comfort." I suppose he has what might be called "decent comfort." But where's the family?

CORN. He's doing his best. He's engaged.

TUCK. Ah! She's a spy-piece, too! He'll be lucky if there isn't a stray match-seller about sooner or later.

CORN. Don't say that, Mr. Tuck. I'd like nothing but the best to happen to Mr. Weston. There's no one like him. He's a real friend of the poor. He understands them.

[Enter RIVERS.]

RIVERS. That's right, Cornthwaite—converting Tuck? He's the only fellow here who doesn't believe in us. Yet we trust our lives to him daily.

TUCK. [Grinning.] Oh; I believe in you all right, Captain. I believe you mean well, right enough. What I say is that you don't understand us—stands to reason you can't.

RIVERS. I never knew anyone so full of class consciousness as you. Don't I understand you? I thought we understood one another pretty well a year or two ago.

TUCK. Out there, yes; because we were both in the same boat. If I told you then that we'd been short of rations for two days, or short of water, or bitten to death by mosquitoes, you knew what I meant. Why? 'Cos you'd been there yourself. But if I was to tell you that the price of a loaf was five-pence instead of fourpence, or a pair of boots cost a pound instead of twelve-and-six, you wouldn't understand what it meant any more than I should understand if you told me it was a bad season for oysters.

RIVERS. There's such a thing as an imagination, Tuck.

TUCK. [Gloomily.] Ah! that's what the fellows have got as writes for the papers.

RIVERS. I know rich people who can imagine so well the difficulties of the poor that I've heard them say that if they were poor they'd rather steal than starve.

TUCK. Yes; that's because they can't imagine themselves in prison.

RIVERS. But the price of a loaf doesn't make all that difference to you?

TUCK. No; but it did once. And I don't understand as I did. That's how I know.

CORN. [Cheerfully.] Well; aren't we putting all that right? Isn't everyone going to have a better chance now? What did we fight the war for?

TUCK. [Gloomily.] Ah! there you have me.



SALTERTHWAITE: No one ever gets far in politics unless he hates the other side more than he likes his own.

Left to right: Mr. John Howell, Mr. Edward Benson, Mr. Henry Caine, and Mr. Paul Gill.

MORRIS. Which is?

RIVERS. To know what you want. To want it more than anything else, and to believe you can get it. That's what I've learnt from him. [Enter Tuck with a further bundle of papers.] There are one or two of these things you ought to look at. Put them on the table, Tuck. [Tuck goes through to inner room.]

MORRIS. [Following him from room.] Well, I wish we were through with it.

[Exit MORRIS with RIVERS. TUCK re-enters and stands looking at poster. CORNTHWAITE comes back from inner room.]

TUCK. Tasty!

CORN. Not bad; though I say it myself.

TUCK. Yours, eh?

CORN. I always do 'em. Done 'em ever since 1906. A dirty election, that was. Chinese Labour, you remember?

TUCK. 'Ow old d'ye think I am, eh? I never took any stock in politics, anyway. Wot is all this—a house, eh? So this is what we're all going to have, is it?

CORN. That's the idea.

TUCK. An' children! Holy Moses, how many? One, two, three, four; we're all going to do ourselves proud, I don't think. And what's this?

CORN. A pig.

TUCK. A pig? Is he promising them a pig, too?

CORN. Well; p'raps not, actually. But that pig will mean votes. There's lots of people hereabouts that keep pigs. People to whom pigs mean something. A man that likes a pig'll stop when he sees that. He'll say "This fellow knows what he's talking about—he knows what I want," and when he gets his card he'll say "Weston! Why, that's the fellow that likes pigs," and he'll vote for us.

TUCK. Why not put in a motor car when you're about it? If you're telling lies, you ought to do it proper.

CORN. Why, to defend the weak against the strong. Isn't that so, Mr. Rivers?

RIVERS. I believe that is official, or was.

CORN. Yes; might isn't right any longer, you know.

TUCK. And what about the clever ones? If might isn't right, perhaps cleverness isn't right, either. Ever play marbles?

CORN. Why, yes; I believe so.

TUCK. You remember there were two kinds of marbles? [CORNTHWAITE nods.] Stoneys and alleys—three stoneys to one alley. Well, one day at school, when I was a little nipper, a big hulking lout knocked me down and stole all my seven alleys. Proper sick I was about it. I told another fellow—slimy, black-haired little devil with a long nose. 'E said it was a ruddy shame, and he'd give me six alleys for twelve stoneys instead of four, y' see, to make up to me. Well, I gave him my twelve stoneys, and when I came to use the alleys they all broke—duds, every one of 'em. 'E'd been saving them up to do a deal. I hated the chap that knocked me down, but I could have killed the other fellow, and willing.

[Enter SALTERTHWAITE—a gloomy person.]

RIVERS. Ah, Mr. Salterthwaite, good morning. Want Mr. Weston?

SALT. No; I just came to see Mr. Morris.

RIVERS. Right! He's in there. How do you think things are going?

SALT. Elections aren't what they used to be.

RIVERS. How's the new policy. Taking, do you think?

SALT. That! Oh, that won't do any harm.

RIVERS. No harm?

SALT. And it won't do any good, neither. All this moving about never does any good. Backwards or forwards, it's all one. What we want is to be let alone. I'm an individualist, Mr. Rivers—I don't want any dry nursing. I reckon I can get my own house and my own wife, and my own children if necessary. Your lot reckon folks like me are pretty nearly extinct, I guess.

RIVERS. No, no; by no means.

SALT. [Indicating poster.] All this makes me sick. It isn't politics, it's pap; that's what it is, pap. [Fiercely.] I'd rather go to hell on my own feet than be wheeled into heaven in a perambulator, any day—and I'm not the only one.

RIVERS. You don't think it'll attract votes?

SALT. There's only one thing attracts votes, Mr. Rivers. And that's getting one in on the other side. Stand pat—and damn the other side! That's my motto. What do you think keeps politics alive?

RIVERS. Well—what?

SALT. Hatred. No one ever gets far in politics unless he hates the other side more than he likes his own. Mr. Weston ought to let 'em have it in the neck [Enter WESTON] the chance he's had!

WESTON. Too easy, Mr. Salterthwaite; and I've too much else to do.

SALT. Well, Mr. Weston; you'll find I'm right. [Moves over to MORRIS's door, and knocks and goes in.]

WESTON. Tuck, did you bring up my letter-case?

TUCK. No, Sir; it's in the car.

WESTON. Bring it up, there's a good chap.

[Exit TUCK.]

CORN. There'll be the posters for the meeting, Mr. Weston. I've made a rough draft. Two sizes there'll be—three foot by six foot, and nine foot by twelve foot: I thought of twelve-inch letters for Lord Henry, and eight-inch for you, if you approve.

WESTON. Quite right, Cornthwaite. Eight-inch for me. Keep me in my proper place.

CORN. We know where that's going to be. [Rolls up papers and Exit.]

[TUCK comes in with dispatch-case, and goes out again. WESTON sits opening letters. MORRIS comes in with SALTERTHWAITE, who passes out again with a bow to WESTON.]

MORRIS. The Rate-Payers' Association want you to receive a deputation.

WESTON. No.

MORRIS. It's rather important.

WESTON. I've told everyone—no deputations. If anyone has anything to ask, let them do it in public—then we all know where we are.

MORRIS. We may have trouble with them. They're nervous about these financial clauses.

WESTON. I'm going into all that to-night. Funny people, rate-payers. They'll stand a shilling on the income-tax, but fourpence on the rates makes them scream with agony.

MORRIS. Well, it comes closer home. Pity you couldn't put some of it on to the Exchequer.

WESTON. And spoil the whole thing? They'll be all right; don't you worry. It's all for their good in the long run. They're bound to see it. What do you think of our new supporters?

MORRIS. The Land Reform League? H'm; hope they won't be too enthusiastic.

WESTON. What? Afraid of popularity?

MORRIS. Some kinds. They may frighten a lot of people. People judge a policy by its friends.

WESTON. Croaker! [Looking through letters.] A lot of questions for to-night. What d'ye think of this? "Am I in favour of destroying the character of the British Sunday by unfair privileges granted to cinemas?"

MORRIS. Who's that from?

WESTON. Staton—J. W. Staton.

MORRIS. [Taking letter.] Staton? Ah! I've got it! That's the man who owns the skating rink. He's tried to get it opened on Sundays several times.

WESTON. Dear me! And I thought he was an excellent Sabbatarian. "Am I in favour of legislation based on the Report of the Divorce Law Commission?" Oh, yes; marry early and often. Haven't done it myself; but it's the right principle.

MORRIS. Is it worth while antagonising the Church party? After all, very few people here really want to be divorced.

WESTON. But those few want it mighty badly, eh? [Enter MARJORIE and ERIC.] Ah! just in time. Am I in favour of easier divorce, my dear?

MARJORIE. You'd better be.

WESTON. [Smiling at her.] This is capital. What put it into your head to come down here?

MARJORIE. Well; you wouldn't invite me, so I had to come of my own accord.

WESTON. I didn't think this sort of thing interested you. Now you're here, you'll have to go through it. [Looks at watch.] Look here, I'll just finish going through these with Morris—five minutes—then we'll go to lunch at The George. My stock'll go up a hundred per cent. when they see you. Come along, Morris. Rivers'll look after you [to ERIC]. Oh, we've some news for you. He'll tell you about it. [Exit with MORRIS.]

MARJORIE. What is it? Have you found something for Eric?

RIVERS. I think so.

ERIC. Top-hole.

MARJORIE. That's splendid! What is it? Is it good?

RIVERS. It has possibilities; but—it's not here.

ERIC. Not here!

RIVERS. No; it's abroad—Brazil, near Rio.

ERIC. Brazil! My hat!

MARJORIE. Is it really good?

ERIC. Not good enough for this child. This old country's good enough for me.

MARJORIE. But, Eric, if it's really good. It might be worth while. [He looks at her; she turns to RIVERS.] You think it would be a good thing?

RIVERS. [Gravely.] Excellent.

ERIC. Oh, you do, do you?

[Bell rings.]

RIVERS. Excuse me. [Goes through to other room.]

ERIC. South America; well, if that isn't the limit!

MARJORIE. It might not be for long. Ought you to give up a chance?

ERIC. Do you want me to go?

MARJORIE. No; only—

ERIC. You seem to have changed your opinion very soon. [Suddenly.] Perhaps you'd like me to clear out, would you?

MARJORIE. [Slowly.] Oh, Eric! It can't go on. You know we can't go on.

ERIC. I see; so that's what's been the matter with you? You've fallen for the patent food merchant. Bully for you!

MARJORIE. No; but he's a good sort. I want to be straight with him—as straight as I can.

ERIC. I see; so it's me for the mat, eh? Oh, I'm not complaining. I offered to clear out, you know.

MARJORIE. Yes; I know.

ERIC. Well; I guess I'll get back. You won't want driving back. [At door.]

MARJORIE. Eric, you're not going, without seeing him, without hearing about it?

ERIC. I'm not particularly anxious to see him, thanks.

MARJORIE. But you must. Oh, you're impossible. It's impossible to help you.

ERIC. Very likely.

MARJORIE. Where are you going?

ERIC. Does that matter? Not to Brazil. So long. [Exit.]

[Enter WESTON.]

WESTON. Now I'm ready. Hulloo, where's Thorburn?

MARJORIE. He's gone. He had to get back. He only came to drive me down.

WESTON. Oh, I see. Did Rivers tell him about the Rio business?

MARJORIE. Yes.

WESTON. Well, what about it? I'm sorry we can't do anything over here. The fact is, it's difficult to place these young men. You know, they don't know anything. A wonderful race, the English—the triumph of character over education.

MARJORIE. It's good of you to bother about it at all when you're so busy.

WESTON. No, no. I like to do it. He's a friend of yours; that's enough for me. It's little I can do to show that I appreciate my colossal luck. It's extraordinary how good the world's been to me.

MARJORIE. Perhaps you've been good to the world.

WESTON. I want to be. I want to be good to you.

MARJORIE. [Nervously.] I know.

WESTON. Just as good as I know how. It's good to see you down here.

MARJORIE. Why didn't you ask me?

WESTON. Didn't like to. You didn't seem interested in politics.

MARJORIE. Not in father's politics.

WESTON. Well, his politics are mine, for the moment.

MARJORIE. No; he doesn't want to do things. None of them do.

WESTON. Well, they're in this all right. Your father comes down on the 27th, with Lord Henry. To put the seal of their approval on, so to speak.

MARJORIE. Is that very important?

WESTON. Important! I should say so. They want it straight from the stable that we mean business.

MARJORIE. Suppose Lord Henry didn't come?

WESTON. Didn't come! Why should I suppose it? He's promised.

MARJORIE. I know; but—you rely so terribly on people.

WESTON. Naturally. When I've fixed a thing up with anyone, I rely on them. Why not?

MARJORIE. They might change their minds—get frightened.

WESTON. Not they; they're keen on this. I don't mind confessing that it surprised me a little how keen they were—but there it is. We're all in it now, sink or swim.

MARJORIE. Lord Henry doesn't sink. Oh, it's horrid to talk like this about him. I'm awfully fond of him, but don't—don't trust everyone so dreadfully—it frightens me.

WESTON. You don't trust people much?

MARJORIE. [Violently.] Why should I. Why should I? Oh; it's ridiculous going about as you do believing in everybody, thinking them all honest and brave and truthful. It isn't true. They're not honest, or brave, or truthful. They're cowardly and mean and selfish! [She stops short, frightened at her own violence. He looks at her and puts his hand gently over hers on the table.]

WESTON. My dear, they said the same of England—once.

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.

The Library of Lord Henry's House in Westminster.
GEORGE CORBETT is introduced by footman.

SERVANT. Lord Henry said would you please wait.

GEORGE. It's all right.

[SERVANT goes out. GEORGE walks about restlessly; picks up a paper and reads; frowns; throws it down with a muttered "damn"; door opens to admit LORD HENRY.]

MARKHAM. Ah, George; you've arrived. Have I kept you waiting long?

GEORGE. No, no; a few minutes—[Is going on when he is interrupted.]

MARKHAM. Emily all right?

GEORGE. Oh, yes.

MARKHAM. And Marjorie?

GEORGE. All right, so far as I know. I never see her now.

MARKHAM. Ah! Can't she do anything with him, George?

GEORGE. She won't try. She's as bad as he is. I say, is Willoughby coming?

MARKHAM. No; we don't want any official business. We must keep the Whips' office out of it. You're the family—it doesn't matter. Garforth's coming.

GEORGE. Why Garforth? He's rather violent.

MARKHAM. He represents what we have to put to Weston. He'd better hear it for himself. Garforth is in with Hinchcliffe, too. He knows how they're going.

GEORGE. [Pointing to paper.] It's pretty evident how they are going. Read this! They're just waiting to get their knife into us. They don't like us being too strong; it means less power for them.

MARKHAM. You know. Jane said this would happen.

GEORGE. Did she?

MARKHAM. Yes; she said we couldn't digest him.

GEORGE. What are you going to do? Tell him that we can't support him unless he's reasonable?

MARKHAM. We mustn't be too definite. We can't have a public break. Besides, the P.M. won't have that. He's for him, with reservations.

GEORGE. He would be.

MARKHAM. Of course! He recognises that we can't go at the thing like a bull at a gate—as Weston's doing; but he doesn't want to drop it, or him—anyhow, not openly. You see, if Weston is beaten—[Stops.]

GEORGE. Yes?

MARKHAM. They couldn't say we hadn't tackled the question. We should have shown that we meant business, and if the public don't want it [Shrugs his shoulders.]

GEORGE. Of course, that's the simplest way out; but will he be beaten?

MARKHAM. That's what I want to ask you.

GEORGE. H'm—of course; if we don't help him—

[GARFORTH is announced; a burly, domineering man. He looks hot and rather angry.]

MARKHAM. Ah, Garforth, good morning. Glad you could come. [They shake hands. GARFORTH and GEORGE nod.] Weston will be here directly.

GARFORTH. Oh—

MARKHAM. I thought you could help us to clear up a few points. I think a personal, private talk is always the best way.

GARFORTH. Quite, quite.

MARKHAM. I understand that there are certain points in our—in what I will call the Bexton policy—to which you take exception.

GARFORTH. There are. We—I say we, I'm not speaking for myself only—we don't like it, Lord Henry.

MARKHAM. It's the financial side, I suppose?

GARFORTH. That's the main thing; but, frankly—you want me to be frank?

MARKHAM. That's why I have asked you to come here.

GARFORTH. Well, then, we don't like it at all.

MARKHAM. You realise that the subject is one that we have to deal with, sooner or later?

GARFORTH. To deal with, yes. In a reasonable way, I'm a progressive man, Lord Henry. I'm a Conservative, and I'm not ashamed to say so, but no one can call me reactionary. I'm for progress—ordered, steady progress—as much as any man; but I like to see where I'm going. God knows I've voted for things in the last twelve months that must have made my father turn in his grave; but there's a limit—

MARKHAM. You don't object to the principle?

GARFORTH. What is the principle? Robbing Peter to pay Paul?

MARKHAM. Ah; that's the financial side again. Suppose we can meet you on that?

GARFORTH. How can you? Look at what he says [*Falls out paper*]. Have you read his last speech?

MARKHAM. Yes, I know; but after all, we know what a speech is—that doesn't commit us.

GARFORTH. Will you say so—definitely—to him?

MARKHAM. I hope we shall be able to persuade him to-day that it is undesirable to go into detail so much.

GARFORTH. Hinchcliffe's dead against it. He'll go for you hammer and tongs unless you draw in your horns.

GEORGE. That's a fact.

GARFORTH. And what's it all for; that's what I want to know; who are we going to get hold of? A few rotten Socialists who won't thank us when we've done it. They won't be satisfied—they'll call it an instalment. Look at the people who are supporting it; look at the papers! Everyone who's been after our blood for years! You know a policy by its friends. I tell you frankly, Lord Henry, you're pushing us too hard. It's time our point of view had some consideration.

MARKHAM. The P.M. is most anxious to consider your point of view.

GARFORTH. H'm—about time, too.

[Enter WESTON.]

MARKHAM. Ah! good morning, Mr. Weston.

WESTON. I came as soon as I could—sorry if I'm late.

MARKHAM. Not at all. I was just having a chat with Mr. Garforth. How are things going?

WESTON. Swimmily. Your meeting is fixed for the 27th. You'll have a bumper. They're all agog to hear the voice of authority. We've all sorts of new supporters.

MARKHAM. And all the old ones, I hope?

WESTON. [*Smiles*]. Well, perhaps there are a few old fogies who have got the wind up a bit.

GARFORTH. [*To GEORGE*]. Like me.

WESTON. That's inevitable. Every army has its stragglers.

GARFORTH. [*Exploding*]. Are you aware that the stragglers, as you call them, constitute the largest body of opinion in and out of Parliament?

WESTON. [*Coolly*]. No, I'm not. I know there's inside opposition—I expected it. I'm ready to meet it. But it doesn't amount to anything. When they study the whole scheme and understand that the country is behind it—

GARFORTH. The country behind it! Don't you know that Hinchcliffe won't have it at any price?

WESTON. He'll have it all right—when he finds it's a winner. I know him. Just wait till he sees how the cat jumps.

GEORGE. But he makes the cat jump.

MARKHAM. We have to consider, apart from your own election, how far we can afford a bad Press. Have you considered that?

WESTON. No, I'm afraid not.

GEORGE. It's all nonsense under-rating the Press.

WESTON. I don't under-rate it. You can't teach me anything about the Press. I'm all for it. I've spent more money in my time on advertising than anyone in England, and I know what the Press can do—and I know what it can't do.

MARKHAM. And what is that?

WESTON. It can't make a bad thing "go," and it can't kill a good one. [*Takes up paper and taps it*]. They'll be eating out of your hand in ten days' time. I've always been ready to put my money down when I believed in anything.

GARFORTH. I daresay; but this happens to be our money. Really, if this is the point of view—

MARKHAM. [*Interrupting*]. Yes, yes. You see, Mr. Weston, there are very considerable differences of opinion amongst us—on points of detail. We have had the matter up in the Cabinet. It was thought best that I should have a friendly talk with you, to see if some compromise could not be arrived at. Without going into details, I may say that since our meeting we have had definite evidence that there will be strong opposition to some of the financial terms of your scheme—not only in Parliament, but in the country and in your own constituency. I asked Mr. Garforth here to put the point of view of this opposition.

WESTON. I know the point of view, Lord Henry. It is that they would like the scheme—if they can have

it without paying for it. It is the first and last—and most natural—point of view about every Bill.

GARFORTH. The point of view is that we don't mean to see injustice done to an already not too well treated section of the community. Will your plan add to the rates, or won't it?

WESTON. Temporarily—yes.

GARFORTH. Well, there you are. We all know what temporarily means.

MARKHAM. As regards that point, we could meet it by increased Treasury grants. That would meet your case, Garforth?

GARFORTH. [*Grudgingly*]. Well—partly.

WESTON. It would not meet mine. This is purely an urban question. Why should the general tax-payer be charged with it? And Government grants mean Government control. The whole thing depends on decentralisation.

MARKHAM. It would make it more acceptable to many people.

WESTON. Yes; because you hope they would think someone else was paying the bill. That's the whole case for State aid. Lord Henry, I anticipated Mr. Garforth's objections—and allowed for them. I thought you had done so too.

GARFORTH. You thought they were prepared to disregard us, for you? H'm! Do you know what I—what we—represent?

WESTON. Yes; the past.

GARFORTH. Ah! and you, I suppose, the future?

WESTON. No; only the present. I don't claim more.

GARFORTH. Well, you'll soon find out who does represent the present.



WESTON: John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave—but his soul goes marching on.

Left to right: Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Stafford Hilliard, Mr. Norman McKinnel, and Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn.

MARKHAM. [*Soothingly*]. You see, Weston, there is room for discussion—legitimate room for differences of opinion. It's not a discussion that is suitable for the platform. It's a matter for experts. Why not leave all these financial details, and simply put the general principle forward? We're all agreed on that.

WESTON. The finance is the principle.

MARKHAM. To you, yes. But not to the public. They won't understand. They don't ask for details. Have you any idea of the depth of public ignorance on financial matters?

WESTON. Yes; that's why I'm not going to trade on it. They shall know what they are voting for.

MARKHAM. You don't make things easy for us.

WESTON. I'm sorry. But you know my terms. I didn't hide any details from you. I told you what I thought was the only way it could be done.

MARKHAM. Generally, yes. But I assumed the plan was susceptible of amendment. So did the Prime Minister. No Bill is born perfect, Mr. Weston; chickens have to be hatched.

WESTON. Yes, but you don't hatch 'em into geese by sitting on them. The alterations Mr. Garforth wants are the bones of the whole thing. You're asking me to take out the vertebrae.

MARKHAM. We're not asking you to do anything at present, except to refrain from pushing these details. An election is not the time for controversial points of this kind. Let us concentrate on our points of agreement. Let us take things as they come. Doubtless we shall have to deal with these points, but now is not the time.

WESTON. And when is the time—after a general election? [*LORD HENRY disclaims the crudity of the implication*]. I'm trying to get at your mind, Lord Henry; what do you really want?

GARFORTH. I'll tell you what we don't want—

MARKHAM. [*Interrupting*]. One moment, Garforth. [*To WESTON*]. You see Mr. Garforth's point of view.

WESTON. Perfectly. I see it, and respect it. I never expected him to think otherwise. To do Mr. Garforth justice, I never thought a Government of which he was a member would pass this Bill.

GARFORTH. Well; by God! That's pretty straight.

WESTON. We may as well know where we stand.

GARFORTH. I agree.

WESTON. The question is, whether you think my ideas or Mr. Garforth's most worth following.

GEORGE. Oh, rot! It hasn't come to that.

GARFORTH. Yes, it has, Corbett. He's right. I should never have accepted the Bill, even in principle. It's not a question of details—it's fundamental.

MARKHAM. The Prime Minister is very anxious that this matter should be adjusted.

GARFORTH. Well, let him support the people who returned him.

WESTON. And who are they?

GARFORTH. The moderate, steady people.

WESTON. I wonder.

GEORGE. What the deuce does it matter who voted for us last time? The question is, Who is going to vote for us next time?

WESTON. I see. Is that your view, Lord Henry?

MARKHAM. My view is that you are both impractical. We are merely asking that you should refrain—for the present—from pushing certain details forward, and that Garforth should—temporarily—hold a watching brief.

WESTON. And if not?

MARKHAM. Well, I really should not be justified in speaking at your meeting.

WESTON. You'd withdraw your support?

MARKHAM. [*Petulant*]. We can't be committed like this. Come, Mr. Weston, isn't it foolish to jeopardise—I won't say a career, that may not appeal to you—but a great chance of doing some good, for a punctilio. After all, what is it we ask?

WESTON. [*Slowly*]. I'll tell you. You're asking me to go back and lie to my people. You're asking me to promise then something that I know I can't give. You're asking Mr. Garforth to consent, by his silence, to a principle that he knows, and I know, and you know, can only be carried into effect by means which he utterly repudiates. Mr. Garforth must do as he likes. I say No. No, by God! They've been lied to long enough.

MARKHAM. Do you think this is a time for division in the ranks of those who believe in orderly government?

WESTON. It's a time for speaking the truth. You can govern this country in two ways, Lord Henry. You can refuse to do a thing, and tell them why: that's Mr. Garforth's way. Or you can promise to do something, and do it: that's my way. What you can't do is to promise one thing and do another. They won't stand for that any longer.

MARKHAM. I think our promises are fairly definite.

WESTON. Promises; yes! A new Heaven and a new Earth, isn't it? [*Shakes his head*]. They've started for Heaven from Westminster too often, Lord Henry, and always got as far as Peckham. Why do you think people are restless and suspicious? Because they don't trust you; they don't believe you mean business. Well, here's your chance to show you do. I'm

not asking for anything for myself. I've given up my seat on the strength of your promise; I've lost the support of my old independents; if you let me down I may lose the seat. That doesn't matter. What does matter is that you should realise your chance. If you back me up, I can make them believe you mean this thing: and they want it, I know they want it.

MARKHAM. Do they? Garforth says "No." We know some people want it, but that's not democracy.

WESTON. [*Impatiently*]. Democracy! The last ditch of every reactionary in Europe.

MARKHAM. You don't believe in democracy? I never met a reformer who did, unless it agreed with him.

WESTON. I don't believe in your democracy; the democracy that has been blindfolded and lied to for twenty years. You talk of "making the world safe for democracy." Have you ever thought about making democracy safe for the world?

GARFORTH. No; I should like to hear how that is to be done.

WESTON. [*Quietly*]. Democracy will be safe for the world when it finds a man who trusts it—trusts it so well that he dares to tell it the truth. [*There is a pause*]. Well?

[MARKHAM shrugs his shoulders; then speaks to WESTON.]

MARKHAM. Mr. Weston, where will your idea be if you—fail?

WESTON. Wherever it deserves to be. If my idea is right, you can't kill it by turning me out. John Brown's body lies mould'ring in the grave—but his soul goes marching on. [*Exit*].

MARKHAM. George—quick; remind him that all this is confidential. [*To GARFORTH*]. We mustn't have an open break.

GARFORTH. You don't mean you're going on with him—now?

MARKHAM. No, no; but we don't want a public breach.

GARFORTH. But if he gets in?

MARKHAM. My dear Garforth, he won't. Make your mind easy on that score.

[*End of the scene*]

A SUMMER PHASE OF PARIS LIFE: THE AL FRESCO "FIVE O'CLOCK" IN THE BOIS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY JULIEN JACQUES LECLERC.



IN THE PAVILLON DAUPHINE: A GATHERING OF PARISIAN SOCIETY.

Open-air restaurants are always dear to the Continental heart, and the tea pavilions in the Bois de Boulogne are favourite haunts of the Parisienne and her friends—two-legged and four-footed. Our artist has sketched a characteristic gathering of smart French Society enjoying tea—or "le five o'clock," as it is often called. Those who are interested in fashions of the French capital will notice that the mode of the moment in hats is expressed either by an immense big-brimmed model or by a tiny close-fitting

toque—either being a "correct" choice. The same rule applies to Madame's pets: either she cherishes a tiny "Peké" or adores a huge mastiff or impressive wolf-hound. There is no "in between" size in fashionable hats or dogs this year. It is the day of extremes, either of magnitude or littleness, and the middling-sized dog has to be content to find himself, temporarily at least, *démoté*.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE PUREST OF HUMANE PLEASURES": OLD ENGLISH GARDENS, AND AN ITALIAN GARDEN, AT CHELSEA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



ONE OF THE OPEN-AIR EXHIBITS AT THE FLOWER SHOW: AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN, BY PULHAM, EBBESHAM, ESSEX.



PILLAR AND CHAIN WORK IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN: ANOTHER EXHIBIT AT THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S FLOWER SHOW.



AN OPEN-AIR EXHIBIT THAT WON A GOLD MEDAL: A FORMAL GARDEN (BY J. PIPER AND SON) SEEN THROUGH AN ARCH.



THE ART OF TOPIARY AS SHOWN AT CHELSEA: THE EXHIBIT OF MR. JOHN KLINKERT, ROYAL KEW NURSERIES.



FRAMED IN AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN WALL: MRS. HERBERT JONES AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.



LAID OUT IN THE "CRAZY PAVEMENT" STYLE: MESSRS. PIPER'S FORMAL GARDEN, WITH GARDENERS AT WORK PREPARING IT FOR THE SHOW.



REMINISCENT OF SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN RECONSTRUCTED AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON: A SUNKEN GARDEN BY NEAL AND SON, WANDSWORTH.



ROYAL VISITORS: THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY, WITH LORD LAMBOURNE, IN A FORMAL GARDEN.



THE POPULARITY OF THE ROCK GARDENS: VISITORS ADMIRING OPEN-AIR EXHIBITS AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.



"GREAT PRINCES . . . SOMETIMES ADD STATUE FIGURES EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. PIPER AND SON, WANDSWORTH.



AND SUCH THINGS": PERMANENT GARDEN BY F. CROWTHER AND SON, FULHAM.



AN ITALIAN GARDEN: A PICTURESQUE STYLE FOR WHICH A SILVER-GILT GRENFELL MEDAL WAS AWARDED TO MR. HERBERT JONES.

Bacon's famous essay, "Of Gardens," is called to mind by the open-air exhibits of old English and other gardens at the Royal Horticultural Society's Flower Show, in the grounds of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. "God Almighty," he writes, "first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of humane pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works. And a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely: as if gardening were the greater perfection." On the opening day, June 1, the Queen and Princess Mary visited the Chelsea Show, and were attracted first of all to the

old English gardens. Her Majesty was received on arrival by Lord and Lady Lambourne, and shown round the grounds. The rock-gardens, which were much better laid out than ever before, attracted a great deal of attention. The gold medals for open-air exhibits were awarded to Messrs. J. Piper and Son for their formal garden (illustrated above), with its picturesque circular aperture in the wall, and to Messrs. Tucker and Son and Messrs. Wallace and Co. for rock gardens. Mr. Herbert Jones won a silver-gilt Grenfell medal for his exhibit of an Italian garden. The profusion of flowers shown in the tents was wonderful, and included many novelties.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THERE has been a little spring crop of verse-books by singers and makers of established reputation. "ENSLAVED, AND OTHER POEMS" (Heinemann; 6s. net), by John

Masefield, is the most interesting of a number which I have been reading to-day in an old walled garden haunted by a presence, truly a gentle ghost, of cleanly wantonness. The long narrative poem which gives Mr. Masefield's new volume its title is another example of the enthralling pieces which caused him to be described, in a conversation between critics, as a Byron with a trained ear and a sense of underworlds. The narrator, walking to visit his beloved through glad April sunshine, finds that her house has been raided and burnt by Saffee pirates, so he decides to go with her into slavery among the Moors—

I took a fisher's boat there was and dragged her down the sand,
I set her sail and took an oar and thrust her from the land,
I headed for the pirate, and the brown weed waved beneath,
And the boat trod down the bubbles of the bone between her teeth.

It sticks in my mind that "the bone between her teeth" is an authentic fo'c'sle metaphor, which also occurs in one of W. H. Kingston's sea novels. He is taken aboard the pirate ship and goes into slavery among the Moors with his beloved, who is destined for the Khalif's harem. The twain, with an English captive named Gerard, eventually escape for a time, but are caught and all three sentenced to be flayed alive and then ganchied on the hooks. Then Gerard speaks out his fearless scorn of the custom of Saffee and tells the story of the true lovers beside him, whereupon the Khalif pardons them and gives them a ship for the voyage home—

All early in the May-time when daylight comes at four,
We blessed the hawthorn blossom that welcomed us ashore,

Oh, beautiful is this living which passes like the foam.
It is to go with sorrow, yet come with beauty home!

A long ballad, conventional in form, but without the Wardour Street refrains parodied in Calverley's—

Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,
tells us how St. Withiel withstood the "Hounds of Hell," pursuing fiends which gather force and substance

4s. 6d. net), by Willoughby Weaving, who is more and more a disciple of Dr. Bridges; and "POEMS" (John Lane; \$1.50 net), by Iris Tree, who is, or was, of the "Wheels" comradeship, seeing only the strangeness at the heart of beauty and its obverse. Yet I find a new book of parodies more momentous than any of these three caskets.

"THE POETS IN THE NURSERY" (John Lane, 5s. net), by Charles Powell, may be defined as a volume of smiling appreciations. "It will be observed," writes Mr. John Drinkwater in an Introductory Note, "that



MISS UNA L. SILBERRAD, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, "JIM ROBINSON," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.

Photograph by J. Russell and Sons.

while Mr. Powell invariably catches his subject's external manner with easy precision, this is but the beginning of his art. The underlying spiritual force never evades him, and he measures himself successfully against the poet's impulse as well as against its formal expression." In a word, Mr. Powell's idea of parody is that it should be no more than a bantering criticism (such as the gentle rallying of his beloved by a lover might be) of a poet's matter as well as his manner, and he is so careful as a rule to avoid the maliciousness, which is, after all, the spice of wit, that some connoisseurs will find his best achievements a little decorous and dull. In one or two cases, indeed, the outcome of his conscientious efforts is not so much a parody as an imitation—a form of the sincerest flattery which quite fails to touch the nerve of risibility. His plan is to show us famous poets, both living and dead, re-writing the old, familiar nursery rhymes; and in the course of carrying it out, Mr. Alfred Noyes is called upon to make his own personal version of "Ride a Cock-Horse." The resulting poem, which begins—

In lilac-time (which means in May) I made a votive holiday
To Youth and Love and Fairyland and Song and Paradise;
I rode to feast on cakes and milk, the fame of ancient Banbury
Served by a barefoot dairymaid—rose lips and violet eyes.

is a delightful triumph of psychical mimicry. Mr. Noyes, Mr. Drinkwater thinks and so think I, will be wishing he had written it himself! That is to say, it is the happiest of imitations—and for that very reason ineffectual as parody and hardly value even for the smile which is the spirit of an unborn laugh.

Calverley, H. D. Traill—who deserves to be better remembered—J. K. Stephen, Sir Owen Seaman, and Mr. J. C. Squire agree, both in precept and practice, in making malice a necessary ingredient of effective parody. And when a bad poet is being faithfully dealt with, I think it is legitimate to be cruel—for it is a kindness to the easily-deluded world of readers to hold up the purveyor of sham ecstasies, a charlatan in the nearest and dearest of the arts, to the ridicule which kills. Among the dead-and-gone masters whom Mr. Powell chaffs discreetly is the Tennysonian of the "Idylls," that epic shop-walker among Celtic shamaniques, who is required to sing a song of sixpence, and begins as follows—

Sixpence, the current coin of Arthur's realm,
Was lodged with Merlin for the bartered wealth
Of a stook of the rye that grew about Shalott,
And a dozen brace of blackbirds from the wood
Not far from Astolat.

And so on—but he never really gets inside the mincing gait and affected phrasing of the Tennysonian

fine-writing. But in a few lines Calverley, with smiling maliciousness, has caught it to perfection and exposed its sumptuous falsity—

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook,
Then I, "The sun hath steeped behind the hill,
And my Aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

The Brownings are not treated with undue deference, though Mr. Powell's parodies are not the best extant; and Francis Thompson's megalomania for particoloured polysyllables (which made him the Laocoon of the last crop but two of "spasmodic" poets . . . his memory should be preserved in peppermint!) is excellently expounded and exposed in a version of "Hush-a-bye, Baby," of mock-Pindaric verbiage.

On the whole, we must admit that Mr. Powell is the equal of either of his living rivals, Sir Owen Seaman and Mr. J. C. Squire. The former's impeccable craftsmanship is beyond him, but he has more freshness and spontaneity. Again, he is a more delicate craftsman than the latter, even if he lacks that sudden mastery of the incongruous which would cause an Archbishop or even an Archdeacon to collapse with indecorous merriment. When Mr. Squire, at the end of his parody of any lyric by any Anglo-Irish poet, falls into the cheery, wholly Anglo-Saxon refrain of "Widdicombe Fair," I had the best laugh since—well, since I read an American humourist's "Lament on the Death of the Arcoon of Swat," which, after several lines of staccato Americanese, breaks into—

Swats wha hae wi' Arcoon bled,

becoming as it were the Swattish National Anthem. Mr. Powell's parodies of living poets are always good for a eupeptic smile. Whether he sets Mr. G. K. Chesterton re-chanting "Little Jack Horner"—

Yale pies paleing in the gloom half-felt,
Don John, the cloisterer, is loosening his belt;
Rare wine wooing with the blushes of the South,
Don John, the cloisterer, is melting in the mouth,

or allows us to overhear Mr. W. B. Yeats re-crooning "Little Boy Blue"—

And then for the crescent-crowned beauty, the wonder of Lugnagall Fair,



MR. JOHN MASEFIELD, WHOSE NEW BOOK OF POETRY, ENTITLED "ENSLAVED AND OTHER POEMS," HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

from the fears of the pursued, but vanish when the saint ceases to be afraid of them—

Like rags of stuff that fire abrades
They withered and were done.

There are many dramatic beauties in these two poems, which cannot, however, be torn from their context.

Other verse-books of consequence are "POEMS NEW AND OLD" (Selwyn and Blount; 10s. 6d. net), by John Freeman; "DAEDAL WINGS" (Oxford: Blackwell;



MR. THOMAS COBB, WHOSE NEW NOVEL, ENTITLED "MR. PRESTON'S DAUGHTER," HAS JUST APPEARED.

Photograph by J. Russell and Sons.

Now battering barriers, trampling the trammelling, ripening blade—

Sister of Conan, Caolte, and Bran, Sgeolan, Lomair—
For her, by the beard of S. Patric, 'Oho in the B-flat played,

or he is compelling any other modern poet to lift up his tuneful voice in the nursery, you will smile and smile and not be unwilling to hear the next piece, or even to get his next little volume.

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A Miniature Niagara on the Mersey: A Steamer and Barges Plunge through a Broken Dock Gate.

THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT: THE ALFRED DOCK OFF WALLASEY, ON THE MERSEY, SHOWING A BOAT WITH A DIVER AT WORK.

An extraordinary accident took place in the Mersey on June 5. A 500-ton coasting steamer, the "Countess," was entering the Alfred Dock, when she struck the lock gates. They gave way, and a cataract of water poured down into the river fifteen feet below, carrying with it the ship and some sixteen flats and barges. About thirty men were thrown into the water, and by great efforts were saved from drowning. It was feared



AFTER THE ACCIDENT, IN WHICH SIXTEEN FLATS AND BARGES WERE SHATTERED OR SUNK: CAPSIZED CRAFT ALONGSIDE THE DOCK WALL.

that some perished, but on the 6th Lloyd's agent at Liverpool stated that "as far as can be ascertained no lives were lost." The "Countess" nearly collided with an oil-tank steamer, and was herself in danger of sinking, her stern having been smashed, but was taken in tow by a tug and safely beached. The smaller craft involved were practically all lost.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B.]

Eton Revives the Glories of "the Fourth": The Procession of Boats; Mr. Balfour's Portrait.

IN THEIR PICTURESQUE ATTIRE FOR THE RIVER FESTIVAL: A GROUP OF ETON COXSWAINS.



WEARING THE TRADITIONAL COSTUMES, LAID ASIDE DURING THE WAR: THE CREW OF THE "THETIS."



THE SUBJECT OF ETON'S NEW PORTRAIT: MR. BALFOUR, WITH DR. JAMES, THE PROVOST (IN ROBES).

Eton celebrated the Fourth of June this year with all the traditional accessories in the way of picturesque costume that were laid aside during the war. The chief event of the day was the presentation to the school of a portrait of Mr. Balfour, by Mr. Fiddes Watt, the gift of the Old Etonian Association. It was unveiled by Lord Curzon, in



WITH WINDSOR CASTLE IN THE BACKGROUND: THE "FOURTH OF JUNE" PROCESSION OF BOATS AT ETON.

School Hall, where "Speeches" also took place. There were cricket matches in the afternoon, and in the evening the customary procession of boats, the crews wearing their decorative shirts and be-ribboned straw hats. The coxswains are attired in blue and gold. The day closed with fireworks at Fellows' Eyot.

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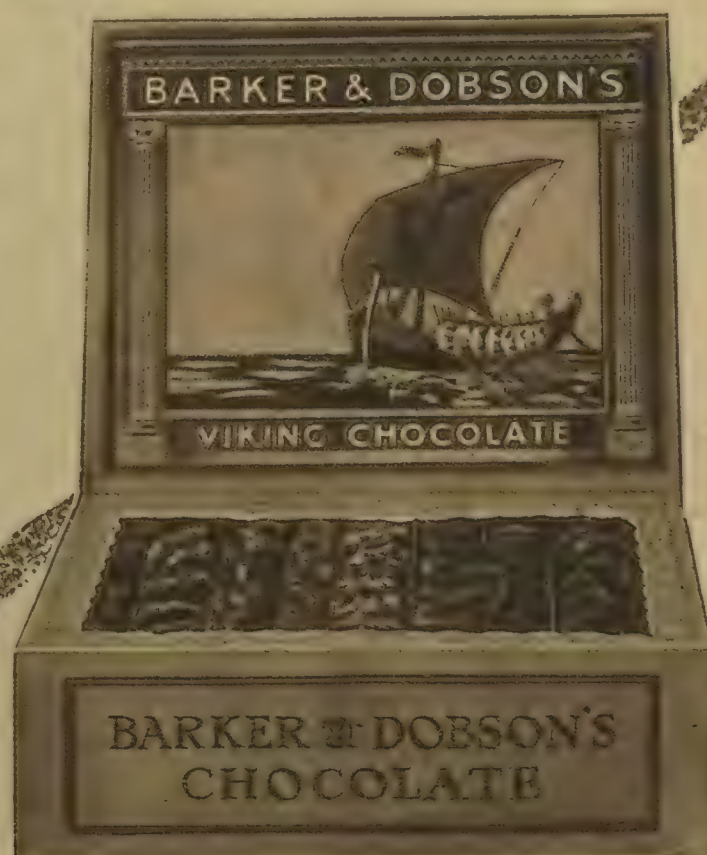
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LADIES' NEWS.

WHY is it that a well-bred man always looks so nice in an old suit? And why, oh why, is it that the best-bred woman looks anything but her best in an old gown? It is a natural inequality of the sexes, and a most unfair one to us. Always we are being told how long husband, son, or brother has had a suit until it becomes archaic in our ears, while our eyes continue to approve it. With us it is: "That frock is shabby; you look like a dowdy in it!" Fatal word, and the more tragic that we know it to be true. Yet the frock is younger in weeks than the man's suit in years. It is not that he loves his clothes any more, or keeps them any better. Fashion changes with us much faster than with men, but our frocks give up the ghost before their fashion is superseded. I suppose it is another injustice to women!

It seems difficult to realise that next week, with Royal Ascot, the season reaches its zenith and will thereafter begin to decline. On the whole, although there have been plenty of functions, everyone expresses a feeling of disappointment in it so far—a want of brightness and go. Paris is said to be much gayer. No one says why they find things dull, but most people do so find them. The truth probably is the anti-climax to the excitement of the war. It was terrible, but it was exciting. If one's paper was a few minutes late, how we fussed! we all knew what was going on. Now we trouble little about our morning paper; we are quite surprised to hear of happenings in the next street. We have not much to talk to each other about, and what it is interests so much less than the little personal things we all knew of the war. There is undoubtedly a reaction, and we all run after our own ideas of pleasure so hard that we outpace it and pull up in a kind of maze as to what it is all about.

Women are as keen as ever to be among the best dressed in the Royal Enclosure boxes and Paddock at Ascot. There is much anxiety about the weather; more about the delivery of dress-boxes. One lady has provided her modiste with a motor-car to speed the creation she has ordered for Cup day to her local habitation near the course the moment it is finished. So much was left to near the last this year that in a smart establishment like Marshall and Snelgrove's it is a case of full steam ahead to keep faith with clients—a tradition with the firm.

There is no doubt that there will be a wonderful show of beautiful cloaks and capes at Ascot. They are in readiness in all sorts of materials; the newest and most

favoured are long cloaks of black net or black Chantilly or Spanish lace. These are transparent, and are made of a series of fulled-on flounces, caught again and fulled at the edges. More substantial are cloaks of embroidery on softest silk. There will be plenty of variety—that is one thing certain.

There is one item in every wardrobe that should always be of the best—the hard-wear skirt for golf, for the moors, the seaside, travelling, walking—in fact, for the outdoor occupations and pastimes dear to every British woman. Those from MacDonald's, Ltd., 21-31, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, are of the smartest, best cut and tailored and turned out that can be bought. The firm are specialists in real Harris tweeds and clan tartans. They have tartan hose to match the skirts, or to go with the striped and mixed and checked tweeds that they also tailor skilfully into immaculate skirts. There is a look about these skirts which the sportswoman at once recognises as just right. Prices are quite moderate, and these skirts wear well—longer than a change-loving woman wants them to, and that is a lifetime.

The Flower Show last week scored a great success. It was very beautiful, and everybody went to see it. The Queen was there very early, before the proceedings opened. Unstinted was her Majesty's praise for the masterly arrangement of the flowers; and the many questions she asked the bronzed gardeners and growers and Lord Lambourne, who escorted her round, showed that the Queen not only loves flowers, but knows a great deal about them. Princess Mary also showed great interest. Princess Victoria was at the Show for about two hours, and was accompanied by the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, sister of the late Tsar. The Marquise d'Hautpoul was with her Royal Highness, being one of her most intimate friends. The Duke of Connaught was another royal visitor on the opening morning, and other members of the Royal Family have since seen the flowers.

The second centenary anniversary of a business firm is a rare event. On the 10th Messrs. D. and W. Gibbs, Ltd., had their 208th birthday. They are the proprietors of the celebrated Gibbs Dentifrice, cold-cream soap, cold-cream foam, shaving-soap, French dentifrice, and other highly esteemed toilette requisites. The firm has been and is now conducted by direct descendants of the original proprietor. A delightful little souvenir box of preparations will be given away in celebration of the event on receipt by Messrs. Gibbs of three of the circulars found round any Gibbs toilet article. It is an offer to be accepted. A. E. L.



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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GREAT WHITE SCOURGE

THAT diseases, even the most terrible, gradually change their type by dint of propagation from one individual to another is the truth on which all modern theories of immunity are founded, and it has come to be seen that this change is always from the more virulent type to the less virulent. If the process be repeated often enough, and the other conditions be favourable, the disease may even disappear or become so infrequent as to be hardly noticed. This has been the case with leprosy, which was such a terrible scourge of the Middle Ages that leper or "lazar" houses had to be set up in all big towns. So, too, small-pox, from which, as the memoirs of the time tell us, all classes alike suffered so much in the days of the Commonwealth and Restoration that it was rare to find even a Court beauty who was not marked with it. Is not something of the same sort going on with tuberculosis

title of the great scourge of the white races? Are there not signs that this, too, is on the decrease, and that in time, and with better sanitary conditions, it may disappear altogether?

To this question Dr. Louis Cobbett, Professor of Pathology at Cambridge, returns an unhesitating answer. In a recent number of the new journal, *Discovery*, he attempts to show, by a few well-chosen and striking statistics, that tuberculosis has not only been checked, but is actually dying out in England. Setting aside for a moment the terrible years of the war, we find that in 1865, 69,000 deaths from tuberculosis were registered, and in 1913 only 49,476: so that in rather less than fifty years the annual deaths from this cause had fallen off by 20,000, or 29 per cent. Nor is this all. During the same half-century the population had increased by 70 per cent., and the ratio of deaths to population fell from 3300 per million to 1340, the decline being, therefore, nearly 60 per cent. Could this rate have been kept up, the disease would before very long have been either stamped out altogether or made so infrequent as to be practically negligible.

This, however, was not to be; and the war, which has been so disastrous in other ways, has given the tuberculosis in our midst another lease of life. In some cases it has acted directly, for the hardships and exposure in the trenches and in strange climates have sown or brought into activity the seeds of lung disease in many a young man who was before considered exempt. In others, its action has been indirect, as with the women whom the stress of war has forced into factories and unhealthy trades which before the war were run almost entirely by men. It is a significant fact that the great falling-off in the tuberculosis death-rate in the fifty years noted above was much more marked among the women than among the men; and in the same way its recent and temporary increase is in great measure due to the number of women attacked by it. Altogether, Dr. Cobbett thinks the war has thrown us back in our fight against the disease by some fourteen years. Yet even here there is cause



THE FIRST FLYING IN BRITISH TERRITORY OF AN AFGHAN FLAG OTHER THAN THE AMEER'S: HOISTING ONE OVER THE SAVOY HOTEL, MUSSOORIE, THE RESIDENCE OF THE AFGHAN DELEGATES.

A conference between British and Afghan delegates to discuss future relations began at Mussoorie (N.W. Province) on April 16. Mr. H. R. C. Dobbs, Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government, and Sardar Mahmud Tarzi, Afghan Foreign Minister, were the respective heads. On April 20 the Conference was suspended owing to "border incidents," and apparently has not been resumed. Later it was stated that there was a movement in Afghanistan to acknowledge the Ameer as Caliph. On May 19 it was reported by Chinese officials at Kashgar that an Afghan Army was on its way to attack the British. Peace was signed with Afghanistan last August.

for hope. The decline in the death-rate among children has continued unchecked by war conditions, and it is, therefore, fair to assume that far fewer tuberculous children than formerly are being born into the world.

What, now, is the cause of this, on the whole, satisfactory state of things? Better treatment and notification go, of course, for much; and the old idea of keeping those attacked by what was called "galloping consumption" in a hot-house has entirely gone out. But the chief cause—according not only to Dr. Cobbett, but to nearly all other experts—is the general rise in the standard of comfort.



SINCE SUSPENDED OWING TO "BORDER INCIDENTS": THE INDO-AFGHAN CONFERENCE AT MUSSOORIE—AFGHAN DELEGATES ON THEIR WAY TO A MEETING.

From left to right, the figures in front are: Sardar-i-Ala Mahmud Beg Khan Tarzi, Chief Afghan Delegate and Afghan Foreign Minister; Col. Pir Muhammad Khan; Abdul Hadi, Afghan Minister for Frontier Affairs; Ghulam Muhammad Khan, Afghan Minister of Commerce; and Ghulam Sadiq, Afghan Secretary.

which during the last two centuries has taken so high a toll of the infant and adult population as seriously to increase the death-rate, and to have earned for itself the

women attacked by it. Altogether, Dr. Cobbett thinks the war has thrown us back in our fight against the disease by some fourteen years. Yet even here there is cause

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Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

under-feeding and over-crowding are the real, and perhaps only, predisposing causes of tubercular disease; and these are, luckily, rapidly on the decrease. In food alone the lower strata of the population are far better off than they were sixty years ago; and, in spite of the war and the distress that it has brought with it, it may fairly be hoped



REPURCHASED BY CHILE: THE BATTLE-SHIP H.M.S. "CANADA" (ORIGINALLY THE ALMIRANTE LATORRE). TAKEN OVER FOR THE BRITISH NAVY DURING THE WAR. It was recently announced by the Valparaíso correspondent of the "Times" that Chile had concluded the purchase of the battle-ship "Canada" (ex-"Almirante Latorre") and the three destroyers taken over from Britain when war began in 1914. The "Canada" displaces 28,000 tons. Her armament includes ten 14-inch and twelve 6-inch guns.—[Photograph by Topical.]

that this improvement will be kept up. As to over-crowding, the outlook is not so bright at present, and clumsy legislation and the consequent falling off in house-building have led to the working population being still far too tightly packed. Yet it is hopeful that they are beginning to understand this, and to insist that every manual labourer at any rate shall have a decent, although not necessarily a separate, dwelling, instead of the slums and sties into which they were huddled in the Mid-Victorian era. What they now need to understand is that the remedy is entirely in their own hands, in the shape of increase of output. So long as the miners refuse to turn out a sufficient quantity of coal, all transport and production of food and other commodities will be stunted and prices will rise. As long, too, as bricklayers refuse to lay more than a scanty number of bricks per day, houses will be so slow in building as to fall behind the needs of the population. Given a reasonable amount of activity in these two respects, and tuberculosis might be practically stamped out in, say, twenty years. The argument is complete. F. L.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE renowned firm of Guitry père et fils is leaving us soon—not for long, let us hope—and the culmination of their triumphant season has been the joint appearance of the two senior partners and the delightful junior, Mlle. Yvonne Printemps. Of course, in English a play like "Mon Père Avait Raison" would seem impossible. The difference of moral conceptions is very marked. If an English author were to preach hedonism and Turkish principles where women are concerned, he would be condemned with bell, book, and candle. But that is the peculiarity of French. You may utter things which in translation would seem gross, yet in the original have a graceful air of badinage, as if

is "Keep young; look upon life as a big adventure; do not let a blow fell you down [his wife has run away and announced her departure by telephone]; seek solace and you will find it; above all, in pursuing happiness for yourself, try to make it for others." And then this older man, more a pal than a father, paves the way for a happy marriage between his son and the *petite amie* who, despite her humbleness, would make an excellent mate for him. Incidentally, there is a pathetic note when the wife who had eloped comes back after twenty years to ask him for condonation of the past. We then feel a certain pity for the crestfallen woman, yet we understand why the quality of mercy cannot be extended to her. There may be forgiveness for a lapse, but there is none for oblivion of duty when there is a child left half-orphaned. And so the father, big though be his heart, sends her hence, with the somewhat cynical consolation that if he cannot be merciful, time has been kind. She may yet find anchorage in life. In this scene Guitry the father was deeply moving, although he had to utter cold, hard truths. He made us feel the void of all these years when he was left alone, widowed, to bring up the son with a mother's care in a fatherly heart.

When one sees the two Guitrys together there is a great similarity of personality and method. Both are

Continued overleaf



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so familiar with the stage that they create the semblance of reality. Both are masters of diction. Both understand that the meaning of a word is dependent on its utterance. Both are great in illustrating the dialogue by gesture. Guitry père outlines middle-age by a certain breadth of movement, by a smile of *bonhomie*, by comfortable strides, stretches, by marking time, in deliberate movements which never fail to tell. Sacha Guitry is more mercurial. He bursts with energy. He is all nerve power. The words rush torrentially from his lips. He is ever agile, ever doing something, and one is always wondering what he will do next—just as in his plays one is always expecting the unexpected. Behold them both at the telephone, which plays a great, and for the first time a natural, part in this play. It is an achievement to handle the telephone in a play so that it does not become a technical *pons asinorum*. Lucien Guitry listens gravely, answers gravely, in parsimonious play of features and hands. When his wife tells him that their connubial life must end then and there, he does not fly into a passion. He lets his voice sink deeper and deeper; he answers less and less fluently; in his halting there is the sound of emotion; at length, when he softly hangs up the receiver, there is a moment of silence, he wipes his brow. That is all, and it speaks volumes. Sacha, on the other hand, looks upon the telephone as a lawyer on a hostile witness. He goes for it with a rush; he babbles into it in hot haste; his words stumble over one another, become staccato; his features change; his hands nervously play with wire and instrument; in the end he dashes back the receiver—he does not say it, but he conveys: "*Fichez-moi la paix.*" His is the exuberance of youth; the father's is the poise

of middle-age. The juxtaposition is exquisite. The artists have the divine gift of showing life as we see it ourselves.

To collect all the details contained in Arthur Hornblow's "*History of the Theatre in America*" (published

Speaking of Mr. Hornblow, it is interesting to record that in May there was a celebration in New York in commemoration of the twenty years' existence of the *Theatre Magazine*, of which Mr. Hornblow is the editor. The jubilee number is duly gigantic, and on a scale of luxury scarcely known in this country. Many leading critics, dramatists, managers, and actors have contributed to its richly illustrated pages, and it is of some significance that the Governor of the State of New York sent a letter to the publishers to congratulate them on their proud record.

Here's a long life to the *Theatre Magazine*, and the wish that Mr. Hornblow may come one day to London to initiate us into one of those things that they do better in America! For neither in England nor on the Continent is there any periodical devoted to the theatre which in variety and catholicity can vie with the *Theatre Magazine*.

In Christiania the cinema theatres are managed by the city and the profits are used for the benefit of artistic institutions and pension funds. During July to December 1919, the Municipal Council made a net profit of 900,000 kronen, and they were distributed as follows—

To the People's Theatre	-	-	kr. 400,000
A studio for the national sculptor Vigeland	-	-	150,000
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Here is food for reflection for the County Council, the Labour Party, the Drama League, and the cinema world!



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by Lippincott Company) would seem to comprise the work of a lifetime: it covers the history of the American stage from the early eighteenth century up to 1919. It is amazingly interesting—facts and more or less technical data being cleverly interwoven with personal anecdotes and characteristic sidelights on the business and artistic workers of the theatre. Nothing has been overlooked, nothing excluded, from the erection of the theatres to the progress of the dramatists and the development of the performers.

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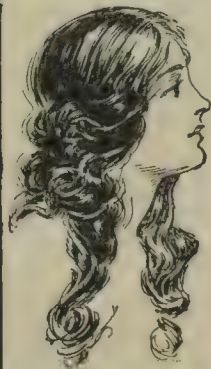
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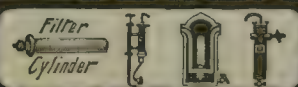
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who stopped her lovers' raptures or her own midway to commit their sentiments to paper. Concentrate on her life of passion, as in this case, and you may provide a satire on romanticism and the romantics, but you are not giving an adequate picture of your heroine, since it is her failings on which you are dwelling, and you have not equipped yourself with a story in which there is any real movement, development, or climax. Circumstances file past this Madame Sand without affecting her, and at the end of the play she is much as she was at the beginning. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in the title-part, wears ravishing frocks (and trousers), smokes cigars according to tradition, and, foregoing anything like serious portraiture, revels in the chance of making fun out of a romantic temperament which turns its experience automatically into "copy." It should be added that Messrs. Basil Rathbone, Ivan Samson, Frank Cellier, and Hector Abbas figure respectively as Alfred de Musset, Chopin, Heine, and Liszt.

"TIGER! TIGER!" AT THE STRAND.

Mr. Knoblock's audiences at the Strand cannot be blamed if they receive his story of "Tiger! Tiger!" with either

a snigger or a grimace. It concerns a liaison between a bachelor M.P. and a servant-maid whom he "picks up" at a street corner after he has sent home in a cab a girl of his own station who will not marry him, and her chaperoning father. Sally will not take any money, and agrees to visit him every Tuesday evening—"her night out." During two years and more he continues to regard her as wonderful, though she still says to him, "Was yer?" Such is her influence over him that she cures him of whisky-tipping, keeps him during the war from serving in the trenches, and inspires him to champion the cause of illegitimate children. Yet when he discovers that she earns her living as a cook, and cannot persuade her to give up her work or dismiss her carpenter-suitor to become his mistress in the country, he returns to alcohol, heaps abuse on her, and goes off to France, where he is killed. So drab and unconvincing a play could only get drab and unconvincing acting. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's abilities obtain no scope, nor does Miss Kyrle Bellew's Sally provoke enthusiasm. Mr. Allan Jeayes, however, deserves mention for his handling of the carpenter's scene of courtship.

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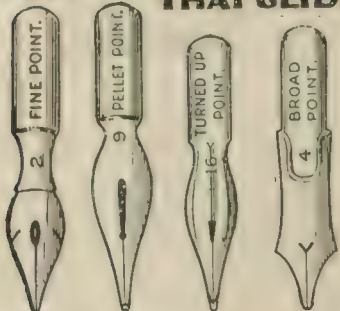
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THE CULT OF THE POSTAGE STAMP: NEW ISSUES

BY FRED J. MELVILLE.

THE Germans, who overprinted their stamps for Belgium, Roumania, Poland, and Russia during the war, are getting an experience of retaliation, for their stamps are now being overprinted in several districts by our Allies. The first stamps for the occupation of the Saar Basin I have already described; this week I illustrate the new series, on which the overprint reads "Saargebiet" (or Saar district). Four of the German values were also overprinted by the Inter-Allied Commission at Marienwerder, in West Prussia. Yet another series, this time a full set, has been overprinted for Allenstein, a province of East Prussia, where a plebiscite is in the programme of the Peace Congress. The overprint in this case reads "Plebiscite Olsztyn Allenstein." These have already been superseded by a series overprinted with a fuller inscription in an oval as illustrated.

The recent "farewell" series of Bavarian stamps, issued to mark the close of the separate postal administration of this State—which has thrown in its lot with Germany—has been handed over to the German postal authorities. They have overprinted the entire series with the inscription "Deutsches Reich," to indicate the change of administration. So far, I have seen this overprint on the 5, 10, 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 75 pfennig, 1, 1.25, 1.50, and 2.50 mark stamps. It will probably also figure on the 3, 5, 10, and 20 mark stamps.

The new countries of the Baltic are still turning out numbers of new stamps, and, in view of the continued unsettled character of the Governments of these countries, the stamp changes are likely to be frequent for some time to come. The attractive 1-mark stamp of Esthonia with the Viking galley as its central device has now been issued on grey paper, instead of white. A 35-penni pink and a 25-penni green have been issued in a new and interesting design showing a view of the Port of Reval.

A year before the war Turkey had secured a very handsome series of pictorial stamps from one of the best firms of engravers and printers in London, and these were current when Turkey threw in her lot with our enemies. During the war, however, the supplies of these stamps were exhausted and could not be replenished, so the Turks had to resort to a great variety of makeshift or provisional stamps. A complete collection of all the different overprinted provisional stamps issued by Turkey between 1915-20 would number over five hundred varieties. Now

Medical Staff into a huge sanatorium. In March 1919 it became the abode of the German G.H.Q. From Spa went forth the mandates to wreck civilisation; from Spa, too, on Nov. 7, 1918, went out the procession of white-flagged motor-cars bound on their errand of submission; and from thence, on the evening of Nov. 9, fled William Hohenzollern, a dethroned fugitive, having signed his abdication at the Hôtel Britannique. From November 1918 till July 1919 the Armistice Commission held its sessions at Spa; and it has now been chosen for the meetings of the Supreme Council of the Allies to finish the work begun at San Remo. Though far more fortunate than most towns subjected to German invasion, Spa did not escape scot-free. The Casino, occupied by the Germans, was destroyed by fire in 1917; the wonderful "Etablissement des Bains" was sacked, and its fittings carried off to Germany; the luxurious hotels and villas inhabited by the enemy were left mere wrecks. But these disasters have been repaired: the baths are again in full working order, the hotels have been refurnished, and nothing has been spared to restore the "Queen of Europe's" watering places."

Mr. J. C. Vickery, of 177, 179, 181, and 183, Regent Street, W., has been greatly honoured by a Royal Warrant of Appointment as Silversmith to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This Warrant completes

four generations of appointment to the Royal House held by Mr. J. C. Vickery.

Considerable interest has been aroused by the exhibition of Miss Margaret Lindsay-Williams' latest work, which is now taking place at the Burlington Gallery, 15, Green Street, Leicester Square. Miss Lindsay-Williams is the well-known artist whose allegorical pictures, "The Devil's Daughter" (exhibited at the Academy in 1917) and "The Triumph" have so touched the popular imagination. Her latest picture, "The Imprisoned Soul," is likely to rival her former works' success.



1. A German stamp overprinted: a new Saar issue. 2. The Allenstein Plebiscite: another German stamp overprinted. 3, 4, and 5. Bavaria's postal union with Germany: recent Bavarian stamps overprinted "Deutsches Reich" (German State). 6. Showing Leander's Tower: a new Turkish 5-pira stamp. 7. For use on printed matter: another new Turkish stamp. 8. A new Baltic State: Esthonia's attractive Viking galley design. 9. With a view of Reval: another new Esthonian stamp.

Stamps Supplied by Fred J. Melville, 110, Strand, W.C.2.

that communications have been reopened with England, the Turks have been supplied with new stamps in similar designs, but in new colours. The 5-paras orange shows Leander's Tower; 10-paras green, the Fararak; 20-paras red, Adrianople; 1-piastre blue-green, the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; 3-piastres blue, Suliman's Mosque; 5-piastres grey, a view of the Bosphorus.

Once more seekers after health, rest, and recreation can revisit Spa, the "Pearl of the Ardennes." Situated within ten kilometres of the German frontier, Spa was invaded on Aug. 4, 1914, and transformed by the German

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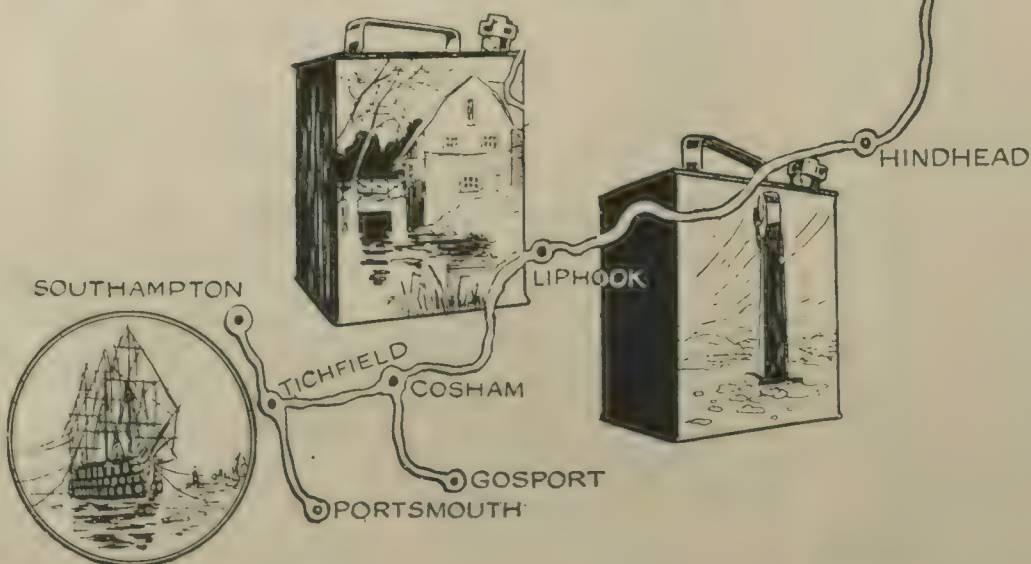
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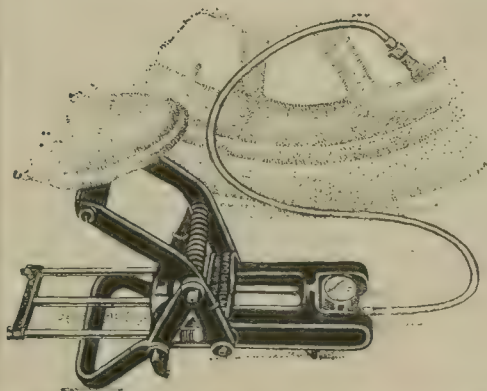
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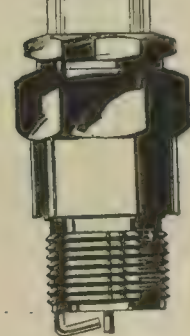
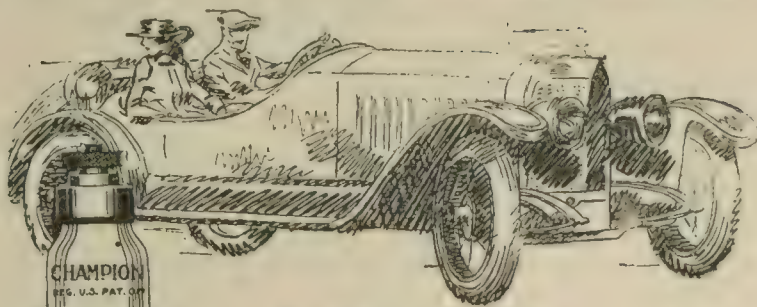
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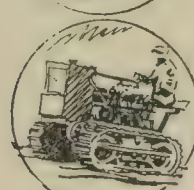
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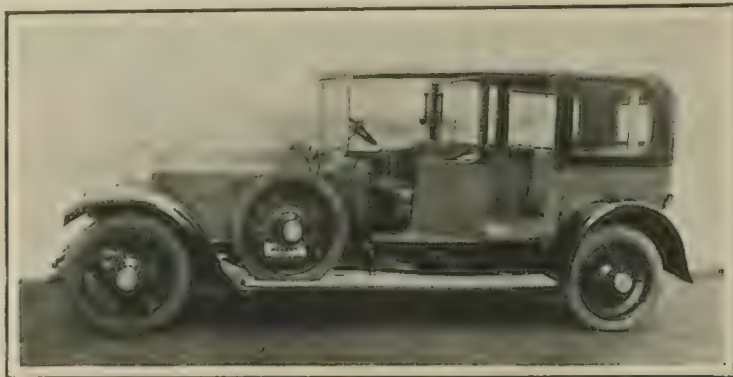
THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The S.M.M.T. and Racing.

The proposal for a road race over the Manx roads in the summer of next year looks as though it would not materialise, owing to the attitude of the Society of Motor Manufacturers, which has informed the R.A.C. that it does not approve of such an event being held. Something depends upon the meaning to be attached to the word "approve" in this case. If it merely means that the Society will neither give the race its official blessing nor actively ban it, then I think there is a very good chance of its being held. If, on the other hand, the Society should forbid its members to take part, under all the awful penalties prescribed by "the bond," then there will be no race. I have more than a passing impression that its disapproval will take an active shape, and that we shall have to wait at least until 1922 for a revival of racing on the road.

In normal times I should unhesitatingly oppose any such attitude of the Society, believing as I do that racing is all to the good of the automobile movement and of the industry at large, as opposed to the merely selfish interests of a handful of established firms who have made their reputations on the results of racing, and who, it is common knowledge, are not at all anxious to see newcomers to the industry get the chances they themselves were glad to take ten or a dozen years ago. But under present conditions there is most distinctly another side to the story. Twelve months ago there was a proposition on foot for reviving road-racing this year. The Society and others concerned carefully examined it, and vetoed it on the ground that the trade would have quite enough to do in the task of turning over from war work to peace production, and there would consequently be no justification for the inevitable disorganisation caused by building special cars for the race and the diversion of considerable effort from its legitimate channel to the roads of the Isle of Man. In 1920, they said, things might be different,

and the question of a revival in 1921 could be discussed. Well, the plain truth of the matter is that things are not so well advanced as everyone hoped, and, whole-hearted as I am in my advocacy of racing, I am quite on the side of the Society in this question of a 1921 road-race. I



FITTED WITH A MOTOR DICTOGRAPH (TYPE A): A BARKER LIMOUSINE ON A ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS.—[Photograph by Tella Camera Company.]

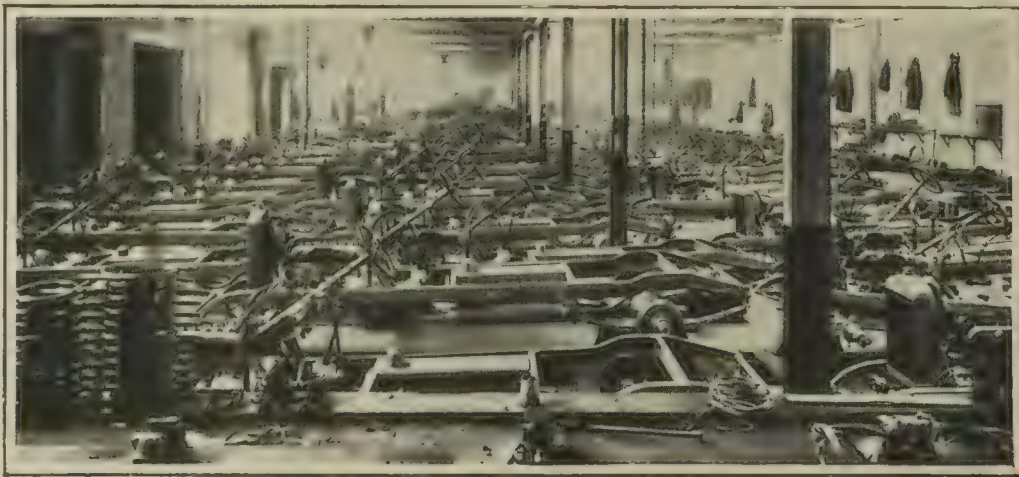
do not see how its attitude could have been any different. Let us see the trade progressing towards the production of the cars so many of us have had on order a year or more

before we begin to talk about the holding of races in the Island. So far as I can see, the only people who would derive the slightest benefit from such an event would be the hotel-keepers of Manxland. A race would mean a very pleasant holiday to many; but I do not see how, circumstances being what they are, we can expect the motor industry as a whole to sacrifice commercial output simply because a number of us would enjoy a week in the Isle of Man, with an exciting race to wind up. In 1922, perhaps, but not before.

Nearing the Production Stage. During recent weeks I have made a number of visits to various motor works in different parts of the country, and what I have seen leads me to conclude that in most cases the worst of the difficulties are over, and that we are really getting along towards the stage of production in quantity of the cars for which we have been waiting so long. Of course, even if this is so, it will still be some time before the demand for cars is overtaken; but it is comforting to know that things are getting back to somewhere near the normal, as we understood it before the war. Last week I

had something to say about Austins—a firm which is doing very well by producing some 150 cars weekly. Another concern, albeit one which is concentrating on the production of commercial vehicles, whose works I have recently seen, is the Vulcan at Southport, in which considerably more than 1000 complete cars have been finished and delivered since Jan. 1. I know that in comparison with the production of the large American factories this is a mere fleabite; but compared with the pre-war outputs of some of our most famous factories it is really very large. I have one well-known car in mind—its name was a household word in motoring—which I have no doubt the interested public thought was produced in thousands. As a matter of fact, its production touched high-water mark at 750 in a year. Therefore, the Vulcan achievement of 1000 complete cars in five months, with a rising figure of anticipation before it, is much better than it looks.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE LARGE OUTPUT OF "AUSTIN TWENTY" CARS: 120 CHASSIS NEARING COMPLETION IN THE WORKS.

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The above is an extract from an unsolicited letter from a private owner. The original letter may be seen at any time by anyone interested. Ref. No. 408.



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J. B. Ferguson, Ltd., Chichester Street, Belfast.
Scotland: The Clyde Automobile Co., Ltd.,
96, Renfrew Street, Glasgow.

Continued.]

From what I saw at Southport I should say the Vulcan will be well able to hold its own in competition with the imported American vehicle in its class, even though the latter, being for commercial use, comes in without paying a single penny by way of duty. One cannot help asking why this should be." If we were back to the conditions of 1914, when there was no customs duty on any sort of car, it would be different; but nowadays the misdescribed "pleasure" car is mulcted in 33½ per cent. of its value, and everything else gets off scot-free. Surely there is a case either for the abolition of the duty on the one class, or for levying it on the other! Without presuming to enter into a discussion of the merits of fiscal policies of opposing schools, it does seem to me that where such a car as the Vulcan has to pay a duty of 45 per cent. in America, it is stretching friendship rather far to allow, let us say, the Pierce-Arrow to come into Britain free. We want our own market for our own goods. Moreover, we are heavily in debt to America, and every commercial chassis we buy from her increases the burden of indebtedness. Why not, therefore, place some restriction on the import of this class of vehicle by subjecting it to the same duties as the lighter classes of chassis for passenger work?

Irritating Police Methods.

Unless the police of Surrey—always a notoriously anti-motor county—alter their methods, the resident motorists will have to combine again to refuse to pay any Inland Revenue license duties in the county, and to take these out somewhere else where police activity is not so closely allied to persecution. The latest form this takes is a crusade against obscured and illegible number-plates. No decent motorist wants to evade the law relating to these plates, though it is often technically infringed by the use of plates which do not exactly conform to the dimensions and particulars laid down by the Local Government Board. A minority is rather fond of the "anything will do" attitude, and for that one has little sympathy. But when it comes to summoning motorists because the starting-handle hangs down in front of the number-plate and "obscurer" it, the limit has been reached. On a recent Sunday the police just outside Guildford were busily holding up motorists who were guilty of this grave offence. At least one summons has been issued, but the Bench declined to convict—and the Chief Constable gave notice of appeal. In the meantime, all manner of serious crime, from murder to housebreaking, is rife,

and for the most part goes undetected and unpunished. As I say, the remedy is for the Surrey motorist to take out all his licenses in London or somewhere else—anywhere but in Surrey. I myself live in the county, in a district which has made itself notorious for trapping and the vicious fines inflicted for trifling offences. I have not, since this trapping business began, paid a single shilling to the county that I could pay to the London or Middlesex County Councils. If everyone would do the same—and take the trouble to inform the Surrey County Council of the reason—there would very soon be a change of attitude.

W. W.

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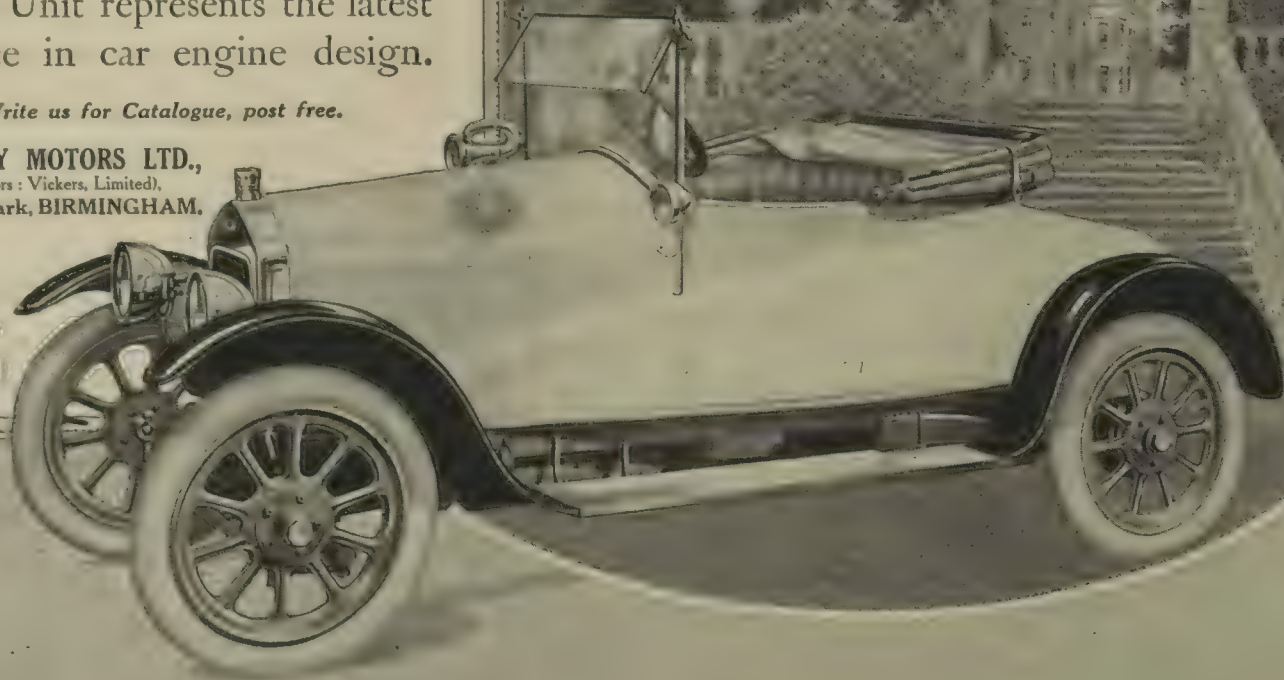
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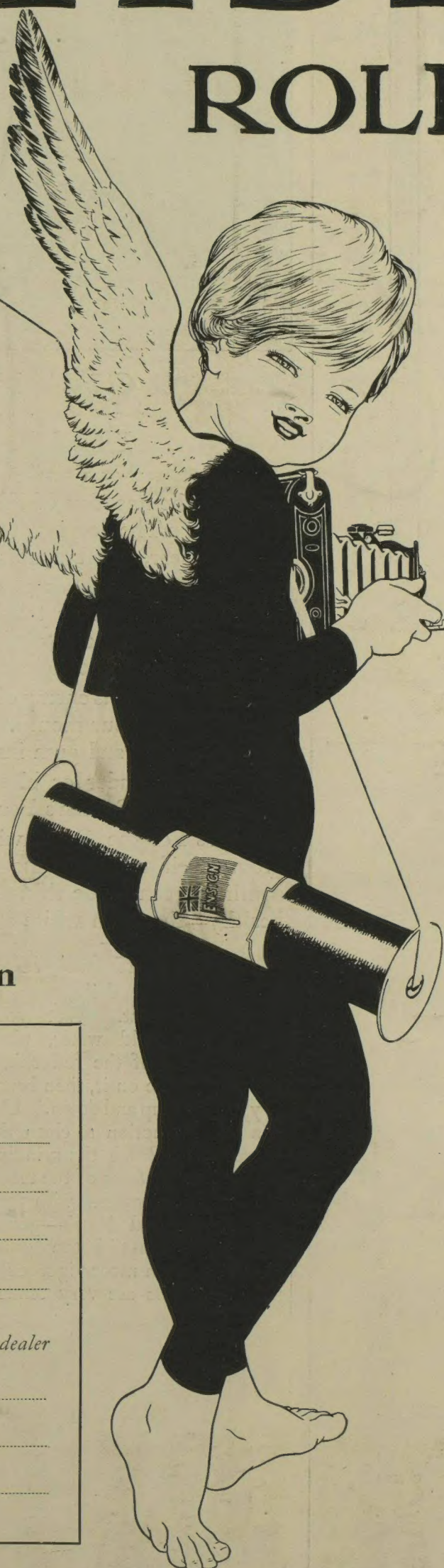
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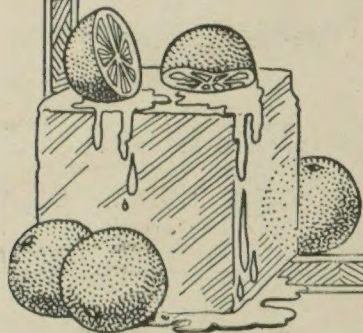
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Pyorrhea, which afflicts so many over forty, has passed her by. In its blighting touch, Pyorrhea is akin to age. Its infecting germs deplete vitality. They cause the gums to recede, the lips to lose their contour, the teeth to loosen and decay. Take care that this enemy of health and beauty does not become established in your mouth. Watch for it. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

If you have tender or bleeding gums (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

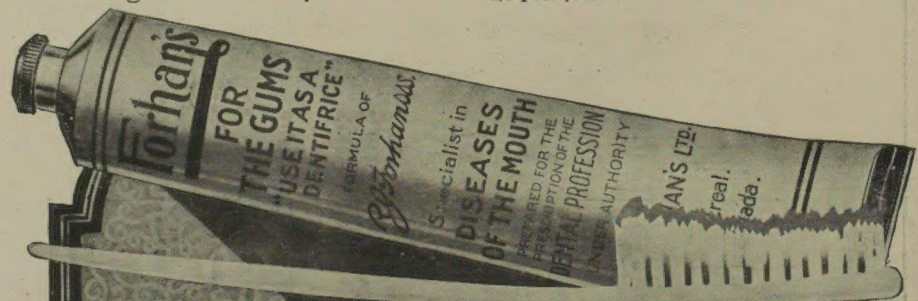
How to use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first—until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender,

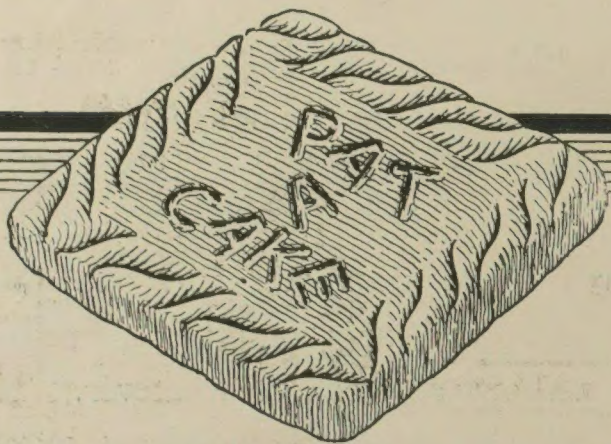
massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

Forhan's comes in one size only, 2/6 a double-size tube; at all Chemists.

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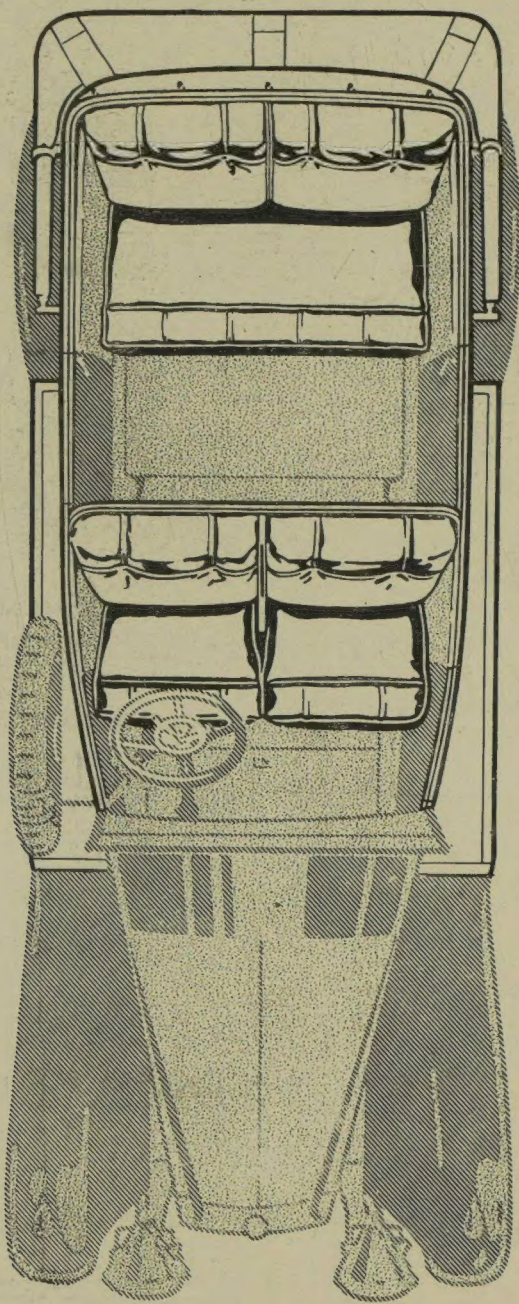
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THIS plan view of the Vauxhall-Kington body brings out its roominess, its distinctive Vauxhall saddlebag upholstery, its clear running boards, and its neat hood. A good idea is afforded also of the projectile form of the body. In trade circles this body is known as an exceptionally fine piece of work. The finish and workmanship being of the best, it is not merely a smart but a superbly handsome body.

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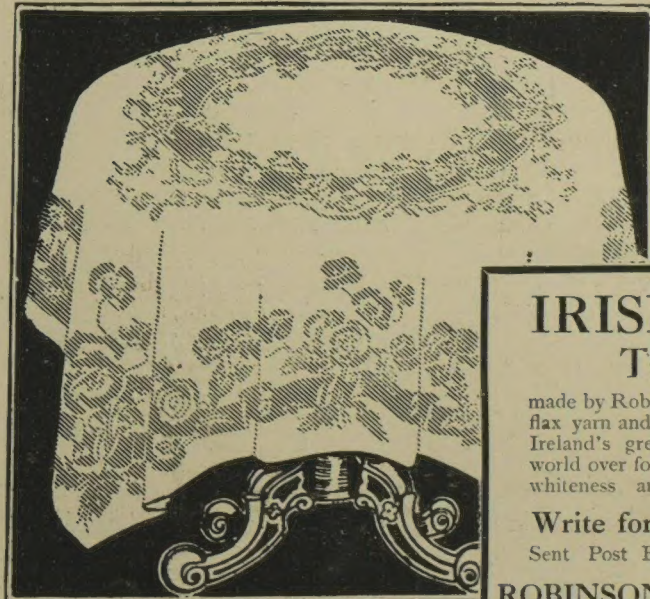
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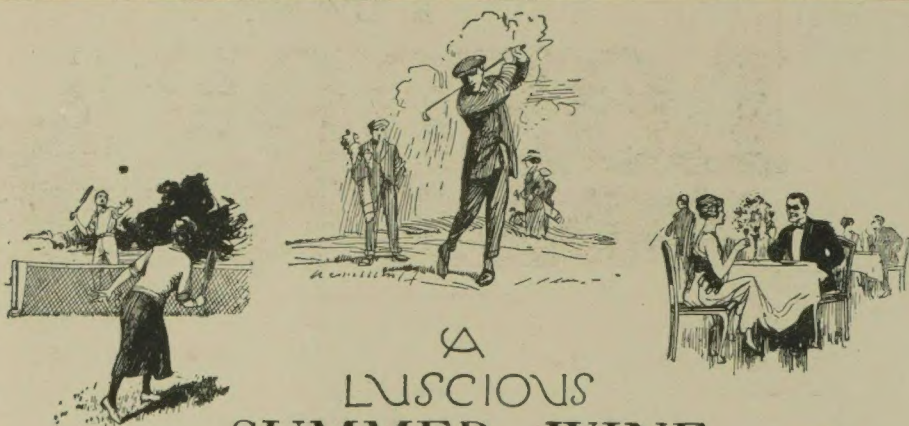
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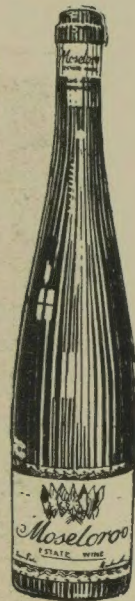
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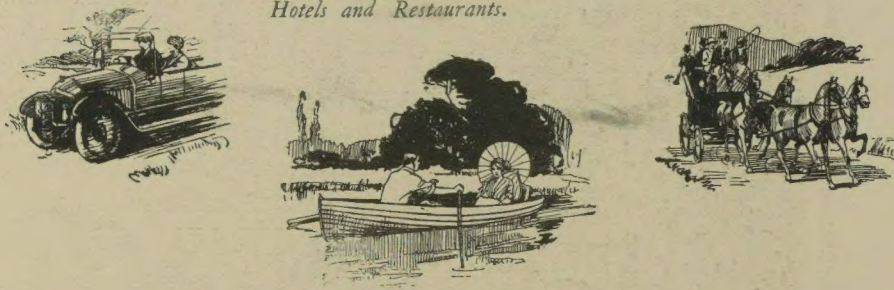
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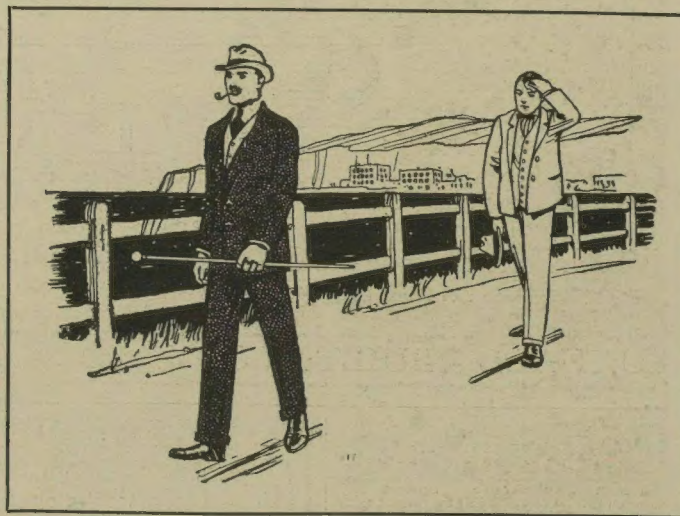
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Stop your Feeling Cool—If you wear

AERTEX

Cellular Clothing.

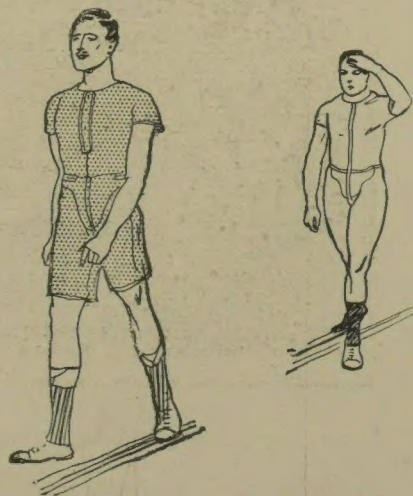
THE fickle English Summer—with its sudden rises and falls of temperature—is not the harmless season of delight that poets love to praise. It carries its health menaces, like any other season. That is why wise people wear AERTEX, and see that their children wear it too. AERTEX is the only underwear which keeps you cool in summer and warm in winter. It keeps the body always at its own natural level of warmth, *whatever* outside conditions may be, because it is specially woven into little cells which form so many reservoirs of non-conductive air—thus preventing you from feeling too hot or too cold.

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